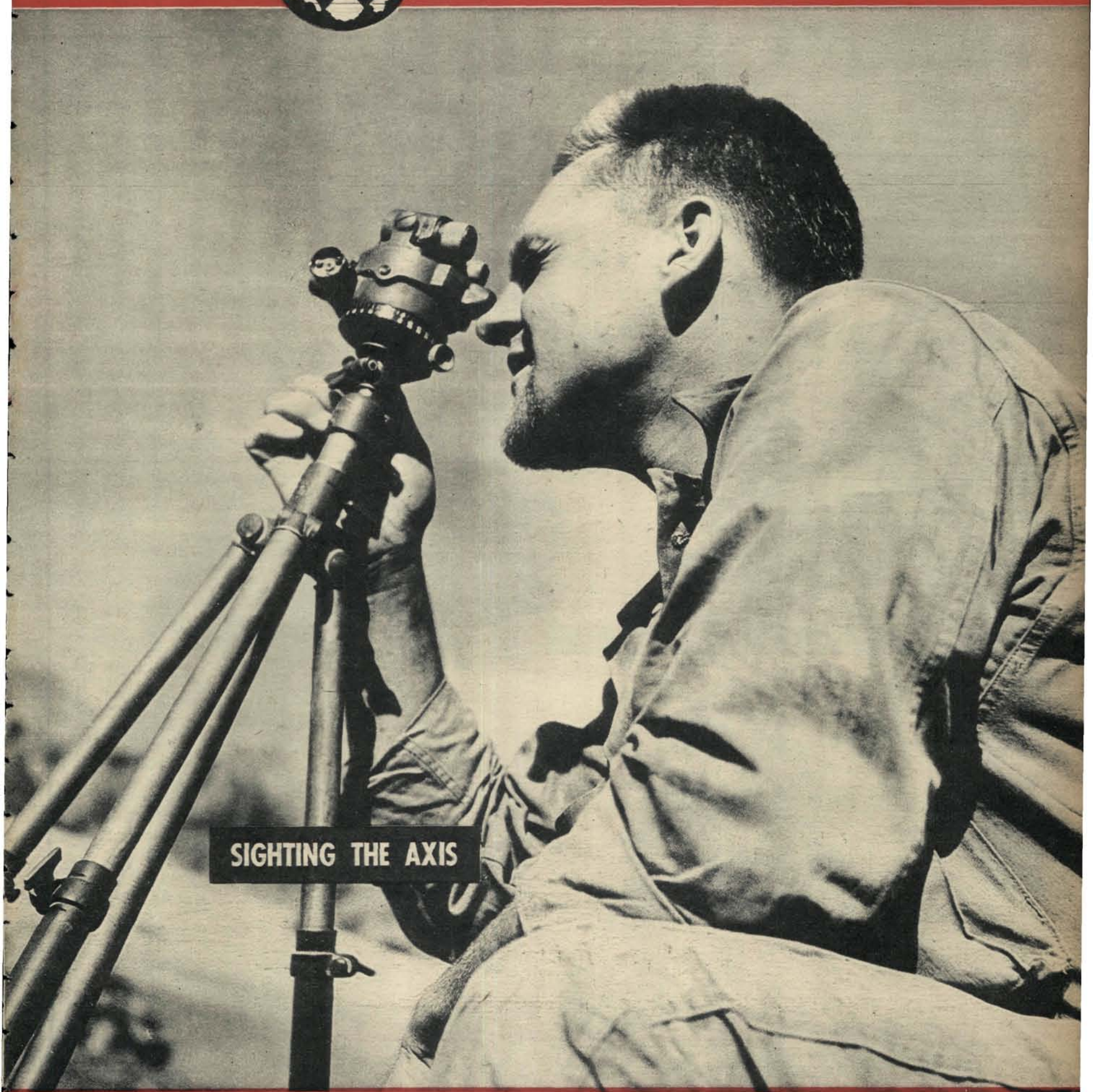
YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ SEPT. 17 1943

VOL. 2, NO. 13

By the men . . for the men in the service



SIGHTING THE AXIS

The Fall of Sicily in Pictures and Front Line Stories

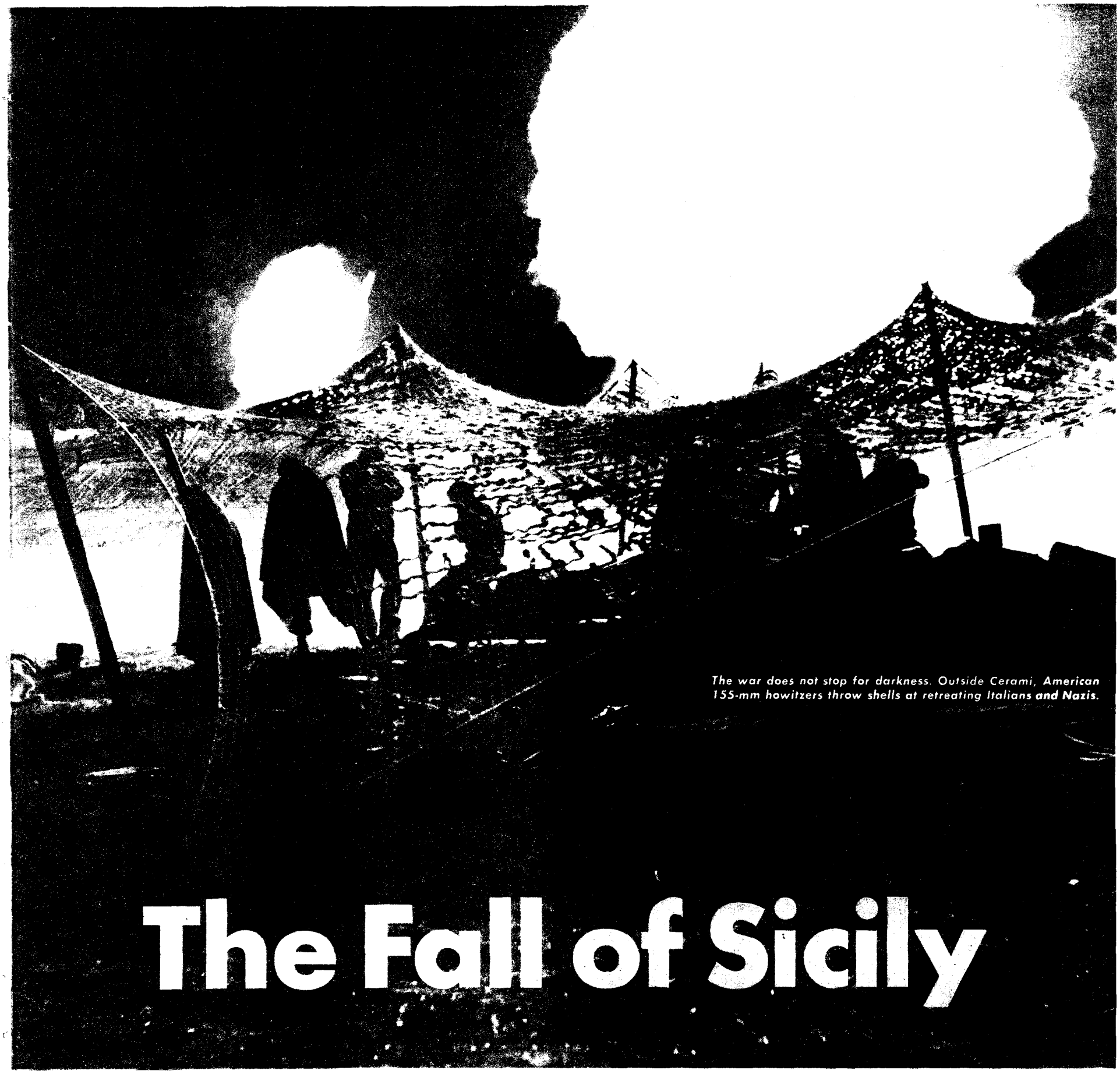
PAGES 2, 3, 4, 5

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The papers of a German prisoner, who once was a member of the ill-fated Afrikakorps, are examined by Cpl. Urban Fath.

When American trucks rolled into the town of Cerami, the Yanks who rode on them saw evidence of the effectiveness of our artillery fire and bomb

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The war does not stop for darkness. Outside Cerami, American 155-mm howitzers throw shells at retreating Italians and Nazis.

The Fall of Sicily

lines during last desperate land.

By Sgt. JACK FOISIE

YANK Field Correspondent

ITH U. S. FORCES IN NORTH CENTRAL SICILY [By Cable]—It was scarcely a triumphal procession, those last four miles to San Stefano, the town midway between American-held Palermo and Axis-held Messina on the northern coastal road of Sicily.

We walked those last four miles, sometimes sticking to the curving highway overlooking the Mediterranean, sometimes threading our way through the debris of blown-up bridges, sometimes climbing the steep bypasses, always in fear that our next step would be on a land mine.

It was not a pleasant walk. I was with the "point" of Company G, out ahead clearing the way for the main body of our infantry battalion. We were advancing up the road only about two hours behind the retreating Germans, and we were taking no chances.

The men marched in extended order, keeping a lookout for snipers in the hills and mines under foot. Our eyes grew tired, darting back and forth from the hills to the ground, but we did not dare relax for an instant.

A jeep sped by, the first vehicle through the bypass ahead. I wished I was riding to town with it, and cursed the infantryman's lot. The jeep entered a tunnel. There was a muffled explosion, and a flock of medics started running toward the tunnel.

"Hey, better let me go first," shouted an engineer with a mine detector. He began sweeping the path ahead of the medics, and I was suddenly very glad to be an infantryman after all.

But only for a minute. The sun beat down and the straps of my light field pack cut through the sweat-soaked wool shirt I was wearing. Around a bend in the road we came on what looked like small shell craters in the asphalt. A smart sergeant rasped: "Watch out for those soft spots. They're antitank mines."

Sure enough, an engineer came along and probed with a bayonet until he struck metal. "Easy does it, Joe," said the guy who was working with him. "These things are touchy." Both of them got down on their knees around the hole. They dug the dirt out from around the mine, then inched their hands underneath to see if it was "boobied"—that is, if it would explode when they lifted it up. Then Joe lifted up the mine, and the other guy unscrewed the cap and defused it. It was a German Teller mine and looked just like an oversized discus, a little bigger than the kind they use in track meets.

We'd been walking more than an hour now, and lines of salt were beginning to appear on our sweaty shirts. My canteen was still half full of water, but it was lukewarm. I noticed a spout of cool mountain water emptying into a cement basin in a grove of trees.

"How about a 10-minute break?" somebody

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Engineers speedily build bridge near Gangi.

These friendly Sicilians wash clothes for American troops.

1st Division infantrymen enter hotly contested Troina.

asked. "OK," he was told, "but you'd better jump from the asphalt to the bank. They always mine the shoulders." So we leaped over the soft shoulders to the bank. The fellow who'd marched in front of me, carrying a Browning automatic rifle, was the first to refill his canteen at the spout of cool water. He was also the first to find that the Germans had put a ring of S-mines around the foot of the basin.

The commander of the "point" decided to reconnoiter a road block at the entrance to a bridge just ahead. Two men were selected, and a halt was called while they went ahead of us, walking on opposite sides of the road. They disappeared around a bend. A moment later we heard a sputtering crackle that seemed to come from the direction of the bridge, then several of them in rapid succession.

The command to disperse was given. Rifles were no longer slung over shoulders. For an instant I wanted to duck behind a tree, but the others, who had dispersed, were looking and listening.

Now one of the two scouts came running back to report: "There are mines all around the bridge, and the advance patrol of another American outfit has blundered into them. The mines got quite a few of the boys. They need a doctor in a hurry."

"Pass the word back," ordered the commander of the "point." "They need a doctor up front." They passed the word back, and there was palaver over the walkie-talkie with the main body of men about half a mile behind us. The commander decided not to wait for the doctor or even until the engineers could come up and dispose of the mines. There wasn't time enough. He ordered us to circumvent the mine field.

I reached the other bank, and there above me on the ledge was an Italian civilian, full of smiles. In a mixture of Italian, English and the language of Flatbush, he announced he'd lived for two or three years in Brooklyn. This was no longer a matter of surprise; everybody on this island comes from Brooklyn.

"Okay, Joe," I said, "tell us about that later. What we want to know, can you lead us around the mine field?"

Wearing sandals made from rubber tires, he led us to the place where the wounded and dead were lying, about 50 yards ahead. There he ordered us to take a path up over a ridge and then swing around back to the road. He complained that he was very old and couldn't negotiate the hill, but we decided he was just scared. There was nothing to do but proceed without a guide. We climbed the terraced ridge, our eyes glued to the soil beneath our feet. Each man followed the exact footsteps of the man in front of him. As for the man in the lead, perhaps he followed the footsteps of God. Every snap of a twig, each rattle of a pebble, made me shiver.

When the leader reached the bank overlooking the road, he jumped and landed on the firm asphalt. He was safe. The next one jumped and was safe. Then I jumped and landed OK.

Now the doctor came up and walked down the middle of the road to the bridge. There was a cart at the end of the bridge. It was touching this cart that had set off the first of the mines. The doctor went to work among the wounded, while the rest of us crossed the bridge into San Stefano.

The townspeople were pathetically friendly and came out to greet us. We asked in our best Brooklynese Italian whether there were any snipers in the town, but the people said no. We brushed the sweat from our eyes and foreheads, and no longer looked at the ground as we walked.

THE WIRE SECTION

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN

YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 3D DIVISION IN SICILY [By Cable] —No matter how far we went, no matter what the time of day, throughout the whole Sicilian campaign, we usually found a small and sweaty group of infantrymen ahead of us, laying wire. In the push along the north coast of Sicily, a large part of this wire-laying was done by the regimental wire section of the 30th Infantry, 3d Division, which practically covered the whole of the island with 110 and 130 wire.

It was the job of the wire section to make sure that all units of the regiment were in communication at all times. In the 38-day campaign, the men had about two full nights' sleep. They were strafed, shelled, bombed and machine-gunned almost continuously. They laid down a minimum of 30 miles of wire a day. They were almost all recommended for some sort of decoration, but none of them gave a hoot in hell about anything as long as the wire went through.

The officer in charge of the wire section was quiet 1st Lt. John C. Perkins of Bowling Green, Ky., and he was assisted by CWO Carl D. Ramsey of San Angelo, Tex., an Old Army man. The regimental wire chief was S/Sgt. Frank E. Lavender of Spartanburg, S. C., another 30-year man.

The rest of the crew ranged from Sgt. Red Allen of Decatur, Ill., the assistant wire chief, who used to be a midget auto racer, to Pfc. Peter Santiana of Jersey City, N. J., who was the more violent half of a jitterbug act in civilian days. Most of the men have been working together for more than two years, and two-thirds of them received all their wire training in the Army.

Pvt. Harry C. Crawford of St. Albans, W. Va., one of the switchboard operators, landed in the outfit by mistake. His classification card said his job in civilian life was "switchboard operator," but nobody bothered finding out that the switchboard he used to run was not a 6-volt communications job but a 44,000-volt service board for a steam and electric power company. The Army figured that a switchboard was a switchboard, and Crawford rapidly got used to his new job.

"*C'est la* goddamned *guerre*," he said philosophically.

Because of the constant movement of the Sicilian campaign, the wire crew was always on the go. They came ashore with the first wave at Licata, where the 30th Infantry landed, and immediately ran into enemy fire. The first man to get a taste of what future wire-laying would be like was Cpl. Ben Austin of Orleans, Nebr., who was hit in the head with a hunk of shrapnel about 200 yards up the beach. "That sonuvabitch is getting close," said Austin, picking himself up and continuing to lay wire.

Casualties to the 30th wire crew were fairly light in the campaign, considering the amount of stuff that was thrown at them. Only two men were out for any considerable length of time. They were Sgt. Vernon N. Roberts of Raleigh, N. C., switchboard chief, and a private, who ran into an S-mine while servicing some wire.

Otherwise there was nothing really serious, though some of the escapes could only be ascribed to acts of God, like the time Allen was strafed five times in three miles and never touched.

Members of the wire crew were probably under fire more than any other single unit of the 3d Division, though they did not stay under fire for stretches as long as some of the line outfits did. They were expected to lay wire along highways that were fine targets for dive bombers and enemy artillery, and to repair the wire cut by enemy action, frequently while action was still on.

At one point in the campaign they walked two pack mules to death over mountain trails. This is probably unfair to the late mules, whose packs were heavier than those of the wire crew, but it gives you some idea of the distance they covered.

The wire crew rarely had a chance for an actual crack at the enemy. Their share of action was limited to firing back at planes with machine guns mounted on their jeeps. But they were always out front, packing wire on foot over terrain that should have been viewed only from the air.

On one occasion Crawford got ahead of the attacking battalions, when he made an amphibious landing with a colonel and a few other wiremen from a "duck," one of the 2½-ton trucks that go anywhere and do anything. They landed some miles past a blown-out tunnel that was holding up the rest of the wire section. After landing on the beach, they investigated with bayonets to see whether there were any mines, and then marched back to the mountains where they waited until the assault battalions, coming across country, were able to catch up with them.

Another instance of this "The Mail Must Go Through" spirit was provided by Cpl. Fred Waldman of Monterey, Calif., who was stringing wire along a road when he came to a dry river bed. His mission was to get wire to a company that had crossed the river farther down, but the engineers hadn't yet cleared this particular spot.

"You can't go across," they said politely. "The river bed is lousy with mines."

Equally politely the corporal replied, "The hell I can't," and proceeded to cross on foot and lay up his wire for the company. Some time afterward the engineers also crossed the river bed,

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Headquarters Branch, Special Service, ASF, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the town of Agrigento, an American MP takes time out from traffic duties to chew the fat with natives.

Police, armed by the Americans, patrol Palermo.

this time with the proper mine detection equipment, and they picked out mines all along Waldman's path. He still breaks out in a cold sweat when he thinks about it.

Because they were operating under extreme emergency conditions, the 30th wire crew used a lot of captured German and Italian equipment, notably German switchboards and Italian phones. They said they preferred the 20-pound German boards to the 75-pound American models, not on the basis of performance but because they were easier to carry across country.

Sgt. Lavender says the American forces need lighter and more portable telephone equipment, particularly equipment suited to amphibious operations. His crew developed two light waterproof switchboards which they used with success in the Sicilian campaign. These were made from old aluminum cases, in which switchboard units were installed.

The sergeant also recommends that wire should be strung off the roads and overhead whenever possible, to keep it out of the way of moving vehicles. He says that a man with keen eyes and experience with mines should be sent ahead of each wire crew to reconnoiter.

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

By Sgt. RALPH G. MARTIN

YANK Field Correspondent

WITH U. S. TROOPS IN SICILY [By Cable]—It couldn't even happen in Hollywood but it happened in a grayish villa in Sicily, two miles behind the German lines, just before the island fell.

It all started when 1st Lt. Fred Thomas of the Paratroops walked into a front-line first-aid station and told S/Sgt. Earl Willis: "There's two wounded American soldiers and a badly hurt Jerry in a house behind the German lines. I can take you right to them. Can you come with me?"

Willis, a 23-year-old medic from Cohoes, N. Y., with four years in the Regular Army behind him, looked up at the lieutenant for a long minute and said, "Yeah, sure I'll come." He piled into a jeep with the officer and three other medics, T-4 John Packard of Highland Falls, N. Y.; T-5 William Larson of Story City, Iowa, and Pvt. Robert Holden of Rochester, N. Y.

They raced along the road far out in front of the advanced American troops, with Red Cross flags flying from the jeep. Finally the lieutenant said, "This is the place," and they turned off the highway and went into the courtyard of a big old house.

When they reached the open door, the four medics stared, blinked and stared again. Inside the big front room were 17 Yank paratroopers and two German tank soldiers, all of them armed, drinking wine and eating chow together. Italian civilians were serving them, and everybody was laughing and having a wonderful time.

The four open-mouthed medics looked at the lieutenant, hoping for some explanation, but he merely smiled and motioned them into a back room. There they found the two wounded Yanks and the wounded Jerry.

Still slightly bewildered by the whole thing, the medics dressed the injuries. One of the Yanks had a shattered arm, and the Jerry had shrapnel wounds in his arms, legs and stomach. The medics were loading the patients onto litters when the lieutenant came up to Willis and said: "Wait a minute, you guys are in a pretty hot spot."

"How do you figure that?" Willis asked.

"There are two Mark IVs parked in the orchard right in front of the house, with 88s covering the exit. I've got to get the Germans' OK before you can leave."

Before Willis could close his mouth, the lieutenant was gone. In the other room, the Jerries and the Yanks were still drinking *vino*, smiling at each other and kidding the Italian civilians. But a few minutes later the party was over.

The Germans came into the back room to say good-bye to their comrade, making sure he was comfortable and assuring him that everything would be all right. Then they told the lieutenant that "it's OK to leave now."

Lt. Thomas told Willis he could put the wounded into the jeep. "In case you're halted by any German patrols, the password is a German word," he said, and repeated the word.

With a wild look in his eye, Willis walked up to the lieutenant and asked: "What the hell goes on here, sir? Who's crazy?"

So the lieutenant explained.

That morning our paratroopers had brought their two wounded comrades to this villa. They were sitting down to chow and trying to figure out their next move when suddenly, without knocking, a German soldier opened the door, walked in and politely informed the Yanks that there were two Mark IVs hidden in the brush outside. Their guns, he said, were focused on the door, so would the Americans please refrain from taking a walk that afternoon.

Before anybody could say anything, the Nazi proposed a "gentlemen's agreement." He explained that the two tank crews were part of the last Nazi patrols left in that sector. The German forces were pulling out that afternoon, but both these tanks were out of order, except for their guns, so the Germans were going to blow them up and leave on foot.

They would have done so by now, he said, except that one of their comrades was wounded and needed immediate medical attention. Their own first-aid station had pulled out earlier that morning. If the Americans would send for transportation to take the wounded Nazi to a U. S. Army hospital, he said, then the Germans would go their way and not use the Mark IVs against the Yanks in the villa. Otherwise —

There must be no funny business, the German added. Everybody must give his word of honor as a soldier and a gentleman. Just to make sure, of course, the Germans would hold the 17 paratroopers as a forfeit.

That's just what happened.

When American forces pushed forward the next day and came to the villa, they found the two Mark IVs in the orchard, with both their turrets and guns thoroughly demolished.

Field artillerymen at Sunday services near Troina. Artillery fire was so constant that only a man or two from each battery could leave posts.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pvt. Renshaw cools off with his home-made electric fan deep in the Libyan desert.

It Ain't the Heat; You Just Don't Have a 'Renshaw Heat Defeater'

LIBYA—Back in the era before frigidaires and air-conditioned hamburger stands, Mark Twain remarked that "everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it."

Pvt. Ivan C. Renshaw of Birch Tree, Mo., has debunked the famous humorist's remark. Renshaw, a "scrap-pile inventor," watched the mercury soar to 108 degrees one afternoon at this bomber base, grew tired of mopping his fevered brow, and decided to do something.

First step was to dig up an abandoned hair drier in a nearby salvage dump. Then, with a propeller-shaped letter opener and two flashlight carbons, the Missouri handyman rigged up something that looked like an electric fan. While skeptics hooted from the sweat-drenched side lines, Renshaw hooked the contraption up to some current, and presto! the damned thing worked.

Right now the "Renshaw DeLuxe Heat Defeater" is stirring up many a cooling breeze. And just try getting its inventor off his bunk.

—Sgt. JIM SWARTS JR.
YANK Field Correspondent

A British Farmer Gets the Goat Of an Unhappy Lot of Shavetails

ENGLAND—Near an American bomber station in the south of England is a farmer who owns a herd of goats. None of the officers at the station is on speaking terms with the farmer, his wife, his goats or even his daughter. They say the farmer is prejudiced against officers, encouraging his goats to dislike them and be friendly only with enlisted men.

As a case in point, 2d Lt. Harry J. Miller was slumbering peacefully, if shavetails can do that, when he was awakened by a heavy load on his chest and something chewing on his ear. At first he thought it was a nightmare. Then he opened his eyes wider and found a bearded goat standing on his chest, dreamily chewing on his ear. Miller jumped out of his bed and ran.

It wouldn't be so bad, the shavetails complain, if Miller were the only victim of the animals. But others are finding goats on their chests these fine mornings. A vicious type, that farmer, but loveable in his own earthy way.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Where's Rommel? He's Serving With the U.S. Marines in the Pacific

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—One Rommel has gone home from the wars, but another, his grand nephew, is just starting out.

While Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, somewhere in German-occupied Europe, licks the wounds the United Nations inflicted on his "Desert Fox" reputation in North Africa, young Pvt. Max Rommel, USMC, is readying for action against the Japanese end of the Axis.

The 19-year-old marine from Tabor, Iowa, said he was proud to be the first of the Rommels to "fight on the right side." He enlisted at Des Moines in December 1942, received basic training at San Diego, Calif., and later attended tank school before shipping overseas.

Pvt. Rommel's grandfather, brother of the field marshal, was the first Rommel to come to America, landing in New York some 65 years ago. Since his death the American branch of the family has lost touch with its German relatives.

The young marine was a railroad maintenance and repair man. When he joined up, Des Moines papers printed a picture of him being held by marines while he "struggled" to escape. The caption read, "MARINES CAPTURE ROMMEL."

"Too bad," Max mourned, "that it was the wrong Rommel."

—Sgt. C. J. DUPLANTIER
Marine Corps Correspondent

POSTMAN RINGS TWICE

HEADQUARTERS, ALASKA DEFENSE COMMAND—Sgt. Tubey Brannon, stationed in Alaska for the past two years, has just mailed his 697th letter to his girl, Miss Evelyn Dews of San Bernardino, Calif. The first 696 were answered on unscented but daintily feminine blue stationery.

The letters average four pages each, or about 1,200 words. That runs the total pages to 2,788, and the wordage to 836,400, or enough for 10 good-sized books. It took $41.82 in air-mail postage to send them.

"When I get home," Tubey told Evelyn in his latest letter, "I'll never write another as long as I live."

—Pvt. TOM LOVE
YANK Field Correspondent

This Week's Cover

SGT. Pete Paris, YANK staff photographer, snapped this picture of an artilleryman in the 1st Division near Troina, where those veterans from Tunisia fought one of the toughest engagements of the Sicilian campaign. The soldier is squinting through an aiming circle to make sure it is okay before setting it up for the executive officer to lay the guns in the battery. U. S. artillery did a great job in Sicily.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover, 2, 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. Pete Paris. 6—Sgt. Jim Swarts Jr. 7—Sgt. Steve Derry. 8—S/Sgt. Irving Schlossenberg, USMC. 12—Upper left & right and center left, Signal Corps; lower left, Acme; lower right, Cpl. Ted Cronyn. 13—Upper left, Signal Corps; upper right, Pfc. Howard Warner; others, Cpl. Harold Wing. 18—Upper & center left, Sgt. Dillon Ferris; center right, PRO, Roswell Army Air Field, N. Mex.; lower left, U. S. Army. 19—Upper left & center, Sgt. Frano; upper right, Camp Pinedale, Calif.; lower right, INP. 20—MGM. 21—Upper, Maurice Seymour; lower, 20th Century-Fox. 23—Upper, INP; lower, PA.

Nudge in Rear Came Too Soon, So He Bombed Wrong Target in China

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—This story has been held back for a while because the fellow was mighty sensitive about it, and he happens to be a tech sergeant, 6 feet 2 and weighing 200 pounds. He's cooled off a little, so now it can be told.

The tech sergeant is Karl May of Yakima, Wash., an aerial engineer and gunner in one of the local Mitchell B-25 bombers. The tale goes back to the time when he was still a buck private, working as an armorer in his squadron and bucking like hell for a job on a combat crew.

They finally let him go on a few missions to try him out. He got along fine until his third trip. That was the raid on the big Jap base at Hankow, former Chinese capital, on the Yangtze.

There were two minor defects that day in the bomber to which May was assigned: there were no racks in the ship for fragmentation bombs and the interphones were temporarily out of commission.

Well, they were working the thing out all right without fragracks or interphones. They had Pvt. May squatting by the photo hole with a stack of frag bombs and the understanding that when the turret gunner nudged him in the behind he was to cut loose with all he had.

It happened that the bomber had a passenger that day—maybe an observer from Washington, maybe a newspaperman, maybe just a sightseer. This worthy person grew unaccustomedly chilly, saw that the draft came from the open photo hole and decided to ask the private beside it to close it. The private—yep, it was May—had his back turned, so the passenger sought to attract his attention with a gentle nudge in the rear.

Pvt. May reacted like the eager beaver he was. He held one frag bomb over the hole and let it drop. Then he turned another loose into thin air. He was preparing to drop every bomb in the ship—until he was rudely and violently stopped. To May's dismay he learned 1) that the ship was nowhere near Hankow, 2) that he had been given no signal and 3) that he had just wasted a couple of hundred dollars' worth of U. S. high explosives.

The mission proceeded to Hankow, where May dropped the rest of his bombs through the photo hole, an armful at a time. But his heart was heavy at the thought of having goofed off.

When the plane returned to its base, there was an intelligence report from the Chinese Army waiting for it. According to this report, two bombs dropped on a Japanese barge on the Yangtze had scored direct hits, sinking the barge and drowning 160 Japanese soldiers.

T/Sgt. May never tells the story himself and he gets mad when he hears anyone else tell it. Nobody will believe it except the fellows who've seen it in the records.

—Sgt. MARION HARGROVE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Like All Outfits, They Were Vexed By Jackasses but These Had Four Feet

ARUBA, NETHERLANDS WEST INDIES—The first American soldiers to land on this important coral rock got a warm welcome soon after they arrived. Nazi subs shelled the oil refineries, and though they caused little damage, they marked Aruba as the first Western Hemisphere target to be attacked.

Neither the American nor the Dutch soldiers, camped side by side, minded this very much. Old-timers like Sgt. James McLean of Wilkinsburg, Pa., and Pvt. Mike (Tiny) Koban of Aliquippa, Pa., now veterans of some 18 months' service on the island, said they had more trouble with wild jackasses, which roamed at will through mess halls, formations and maneuvers and finally had to be shot.

"Now we have lieutenants," remarked a pfc. who preferred to remain anonymous.

The Americans have great admiration for the Dutch soldiers, most of whom have not seen their homeland or families since the Nazi invasion three years ago. But the Dutch Army has one practice which the GIs hope our Army never imitates.

They salute their noncoms.

—Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Correspondent

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Men Who Discovered Greenland's Blais Field Didn't Mind Leaving It

By Sgt. ED O'MEARA
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN GREENLAND—Greenland's saber-toothed coast had never seemed murkier. Clouds almost a mile thick obscured shore line and ocean. For more than an hour the six men on *Baby Shoes*, a B-25 patrol bomber, had only occasionally glimpsed the angry North Atlantic waters below.

They were searching for a pathway through the clouds back to their base, but the treacherous weather was closing in. It didn't seem much like the springtime Sunday it was supposed to be.

S/Sgt. Jim Whitehead of Taft, Tex., the lanky engineer, tried not to look worried, but it was already after noon, and there was only half an hour's gas left. T/Sgt. Jim Brewster of Maskell, Nebr., turned the dials of his radio patiently. Communications were bad, and the radio compass wasn't functioning properly. S/Sgt. Charlie Whitman of Norristown, Pa., the bombardier, jammed into a corner of the navigator's compartment, was praying and watching for wing ice.

Suddenly the co-pilot, 2d Lt. Isaac L. Moor of Grangeville, Idaho, cut loose with a war whoop. He had found an opening in the clouds, through which clear water was visible. The pilot, 1st Lt. Julien J. Blais of Fitchburg, Mass., banked the plane steeply and pointed the nose down. But all that met six pairs of anxious eyes were water and ice floe.

Then Brewster shouted over the interphone that a North Atlantic base reported clear weather for landing. Moor's steady voice came back: "We haven't enough gas to get there. Send a message saying we'll have to belly her in."

Baby Shoes roared through the murk, hunting for a chunk of coast line. Blais had to flip one wing over suddenly to miss a gigantic iceberg that loomed ahead.

Whitman stuffed a first-aid kit inside his flying suit, Whitehead shoved a box of rations into his shirt and Brewster hauled out the two yellow units of the emergency radio set.

Blais let the ship down gently, searching for a sudden break in the vast expanse of water. A bit of coast suddenly appeared, Blais banked the ship, the warning horn blared and *Baby Shoes* crunched into a snow-filled ravine. That last-second glimpse had saved the crew from a ducking in the chill North Atlantic.

Baby Shoes had landed just 100 yards from the water, and barely 40 yards shy of a sheer rock wall. The B-25 had cracked behind the wings; her fuselage was twisted at a crazy angle and her right engine torn off.

But none of the men was seriously hurt.

"Swell landing, lieutenant," said S/Sgt. Curtis C. Cook of Missoula, Mont., the navigator.

Blais shook his head. "Don't thank me. The good Lord took over two hours ago."

They christened the spot "Blais Field," and started hauling out Arctic kits, bedrolls, provisions and medical supplies. Brewster climbed into the wrecked plane to check his radio and found one battery still good. Four times in the next couple of hours he tried to make radio contact, and at last his base acknowledged the signals. He messaged, "Plane down on coast near ———. All safe."

They burrowed in the deep snow under the right wing, seeking shelter against the raging wind. That night they slept in shifts, using the four bedrolls. Snow swirled about the twisted wreckage of *Baby Shoes* throughout the night, and as Monday dawned the storm continued.

Brewster's radio went dead, and he brought out the yellow "Gibson Girl" emergency radio. As Monday wore on, he ground out SOS messages while the others took turns cranking the hand generator. On Tuesday, as the clouds cleared away, the automatic coding device on the emergency set broke down. Brewster shifted to manual sending.

Suddenly Moor roared, "Plane! Plane!" They could see it skimming past, more than a mile high. "You just passed," Brewster batted out on the radio. "Come back! Come back!" Whitehead scattered yellow life vests on the snow and spread out the blue-and-yellow life raft. Blais fired flares. Whitman grabbed a can of hydraulic fluid and wrote "OK" in red letters on the snow.

The plane, a B-25 like *Baby Shoes*, came back, dipped its wings in recognition and circled at 2,000 feet, not daring to come lower because of roaring ground winds. The six men leaped about, cheering themselves hoarse. Then the bomber disappeared, and soon afterward the weather closed in again, shrouding the area in its timeless mists.

But now the tension was broken. The crew of *Baby Shoes* knew they had been found. Brewster turned wisecracker over his emergency radio and sent out a Blais Field weather report. "Short runway," he warned. "No landing pressure available." They talked of the poker games that were probably going on back at the base and added up their cash. Moor and Whitman had only $4.29 between them, but the other four had $1,565. "And no bar or PX for miles," Whitehead groaned.

Wednesday at Blais Field passed quickly as the men sweated out rescue parties. Thursday morning the sun came out and the sky cleared. Whitman took up an OP on one wing of the plane, alternately sweeping the skies with binoculars and dozing in the sunlight. Suddenly he heard the low "blooo" of a ship's foghorn. He jumped to his feet.

Several miles at sea was a ship. The *Baby Shoes* crew began firing flares again. The ship headed directly for their cove, and five of the men began to chant, "Boat! Boat! We're saved!"

But Sgt. Cook, crouched over the tiny gasoline stove, was preparing a meal. "Dammit," he said, looking out at the ship, "now you won't eat the dinner I fixed."

In Next Week's YANK . . .

THE EIGHTH AIR FORCE

Sgt. Jack Scott, staff correspondent with U. S. flyers in Britain, reports on the relentless war they have waged against the enemy in Europe during the past year.

BOB HOPE STARS IN THE ETO. These four pictures show what happened when Bob Hope (left) entertained at the USO camp show in the Odeon Theater, London. The men stood in line to get in, and when they did, well—take a look at the close-ups below. Adolphe Menjou, Frances Langford and Hal Le Roy also appeared.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pacific Seaman

Bob Christiansen of Omaha has been through four major sea battles but he doesn't bother wearing ribbons on his whites. "I'm just an average Mac," he says.

UNDER THREE BIG GUNS OF A CRUISER, SEAMAN FIRST CLASS BOB CHRISTIANSEN, WHO'S BEEN WITH THE PACIFIC FLEET FOR 17 MONTHS, SECURES A LIFE RAFT.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC—Until he boarded a transport bound for Pearl Harbor in April 1942, Bob Christiansen had never been in any vessel larger than a rowboat. The largest body of water he had seen was Carter's Lake in Omaha, Nebr. The only gun he had fired was a borrowed .22 rifle.

Now, after 17 months with the Pacific Fleet, Chris is a seaman first class who knows his heavy cruiser as intimately as he knows his home at 2022 North 10th Street in Omaha. He has traveled uncounted thousands of miles over salt water, and has been in four major Naval battles. He is a talker on the *USS Pensacola*.

From his battle station on the foretop of the *Pensacola* one bright June morning last year he was the first to see faint wisps of smoke on the blue horizon and the first to shout to the gunnery officer, "The *Yorktown's* burning, sir."

On a warm summery afternoon in September he watched three torpedoes from a Nip submarine plow through the water and hit the carrier *Wasp*, saw her smolder and list, and knew she was through.

He was in the Battle of Santa Cruz Oct. 26 when the *Hornet* went down.

And on the night of Nov. 30, during what historians may call the Fourth Battle for Savo Island, he was with the Naval task force that was responsible for the deaths of thousands of Japs. Death breathed so close to him that "I thought every second was the last, and I was so scared I didn't even remember to pray."

At one time or another during the last year and a half, Chris has known both defeat and victory, but he does not wear the Silver Star to which he is entitled. His whites are without insignia or decorations of any kind.

"I'm just an average Mac," he tells you.

After the battle at Savo, Chris wrote his mother: "Things have been pretty quiet down here. Don't believe everything you read in the papers and, for heaven's sake, don't worry."

When he went down to the Navy Recruiting Office in Omaha a year ago last February, Chris told only his sister Grace, a waitress in a Harkert House restaurant. His father, a second lieutenant in the Iowa National Guard in the last war, had been gassed in France and died a few years after the Armistice. That night at supper Chris said, "Well, Mom, I've joined up." He had already quit his job as a bus boy at Brandeis' Department Store and said good-bye to everyone at Tech High, which he attended two hours every

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morning. He was a senior and would have been graduated in June.

Two days after he joined the Navy, Chris was on his way to San Diego, Calif.

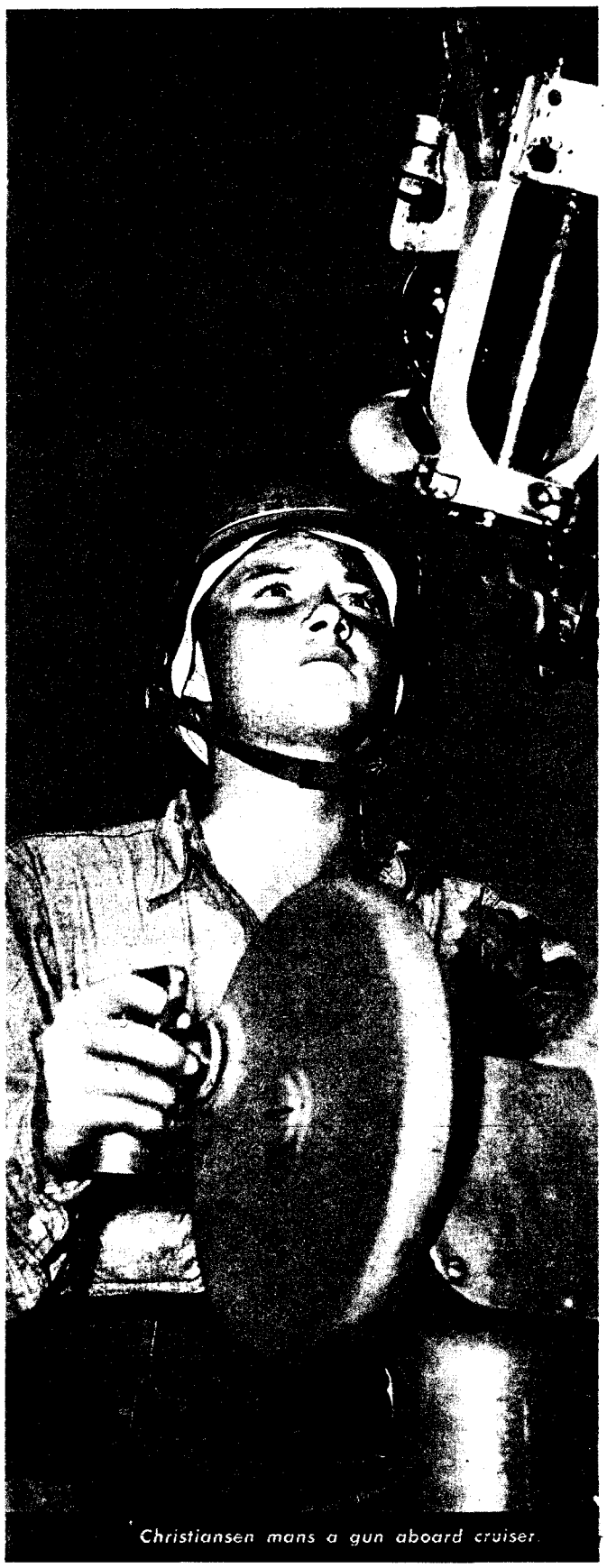
After a few weeks in San Diego—where he had close-order drill, manual of arms, "a little bit of firing on the range and the closest haircut I've ever had before or since"—he was crammed on a transport with hundreds of other boots and headed for the destination he now calls Pearl.

"My first job was helping clean up the *California*," he recalls. "It was pretty bad at first; I mean when I went down in the hold it was hot, and I got sick to my stomach. I'd never seen a dead man before.

"Less than a week later they got a lot of us together, and some ensign said, 'You men are going to the *Pensacola*.' Jeez, I didn't know what he meant. I thought the *Pensy* was a carrier or something."

The cruiser was in drydock at Pearl Harbor; she had recently returned from action in the Battle of Bougainville during which a Navy flyer named O'Hare made himself famous.

"First they mustered us on deck," Chris continues. "Then Tom Murphy, who was in charge of the deck division, picked his men. I was one. He said, 'You look like a good husky kid.'" Chris, a blond blue-eyed 19-year-old, is only 5 feet 5 inches tall, but, he says, "I'm really pretty muscular."



Christiansen mans a gun aboard cruiser.

Chris's first trip south and west of Honolulu was with a convoy transporting marines to the base from which, early in August, they were to make the drive for Guadalcanal.

"It was quiet, very quiet; we almost hoped for a little trouble," Chris says. "Once in a while I'd think maybe I'd go through the war without anything ever happening, and I'd wonder what I was going to tell my kids."

But plenty happened on his second voyage with the *Pensacola*.

"The scuttlebut was that we were going stateside, but it didn't take us long to find out we were headed for Midway and that something was up. We knew for sure the morning the dope sheet said, 'No drills tomorrow. Expect action with the enemy.' I was curious to know what it'd be like to have someone shooting at us. I wasn't worried—just kind of nervous. None of us knew what to expect."

At 8 A. M. the next day general quarters were sounded.

"I rushed to my station, grabbed my field glasses, and began looking—just looking. About 11 I saw the smoke, and I knew what it was. We steamed off toward the *Yorktown*—us, the *Vincennes* and two destroyers. She was burning pretty bad and listing a little. Then, just when she got started under her own power again, someone said, 'There's enemy aircraft on the horizon.' We looked, and, sure enough, 11 Jap torpedo planes were coming in. We dropped around the *York* and opened fire. I could see the bursts—then a kind of 'pfft' and a Jap plane had disappeared.

"Jap planes seemed to be crashing everywhere, and a torpedo had hit the carrier. She was burning worse than ever.

"I guess somebody gave word to abandon ship a little while after that, because I could see the men dropping over the sides and getting picked up by the destroyers.

"We knew when we started away that she was gone, and we felt like when somebody you know has died. The only damage to the *Pensy* was a can of sauerkraut that was hit. I never did find out how."

That was the day, of all the days and nights under fire, that Chris remembers best. "I know I'll never forget it—seeing those planes headed for us and wondering how much damage they'd do."

AFTER Midway, the *Pensacola* went back and forth, up and down, sometimes bringing back injured marines from Midway, sometimes patrolling southern Pacific waters. Waiting. Alert. Always alert.

After the regular morning general quarters on Oct. 26, Chris went down to chow. Suddenly the gong sounded again—clear, concise, continuous. "Here they come," he thought.

"I ran to my battle station and started looking. All the planes took off the *Hornet*, and there was quite a bit of commotion astern. I couldn't see it, but I knew our fighters were up there beating the tails off the Japs.

"Then somebody said, 'Torpedo planes coming in at the starboard beam.' From then on it was hell. For three hours—from 9 to 12—there was one wave right after another without stopping. Two friends of mine were hit with shrapnel—Bodine, on the main battery aft, and Moore, on the fantail. They were our first casualties.

"One Jap plane crashed on the deck of the *Hornet*. Another, with one bomb gone, headed directly for the foretop where I was standing. The bastard shaved the top of my head with his machine-gun fire, and I could see him in the plane. He was gritting his teeth and working his stick, trying to get the ship in control.

"I put two and a half clips directly at him, and I got unofficial credit for hitting him. As he crashed, the heat of his burning plane singed my eyebrows. He hit the water six feet off the bow. His bomb exploded, and there was no more Jap, no more plane.

"Jap planes kept coming in all the time without a let-up. We started circling the *Hornet;* she'd been hit several times, and the order was given, 'Abandon ship.'

"A lot of her men were transferred from destroyers to us, and our deck was crowded with men. It was getting late, too, and I'd only had one sandwich all day. After dark the battle was over as far as we were concerned.

"The next morning we cleaned up the ammunition cans, had a mass burial at sea and dug out all our extra clothes to give the men from the *Hornet*. When they'd come on board, some of them were stark naked, some were in skivvies and some had on one sock and one shoe and nothing else."

For a few days after Santa Cruz, the men of the *Pensacola* discussed, analyzed and re-fought the battle. Then it was seldom mentioned again. "Battles are not the kind of thing you want to keep bringing up all the time," Chris says.

HE doesn't like to bring up the sinking of the *Wasp*, for example. "When she went down, we were on our way to meet up with her. It was a hot afternoon—about 3 o'clock, I think. All of a sudden one of the guys said, 'Smoke!' We looked, and there she was, lying on the horizon, smoking and flaming. There was nothing we could do but get out. She'd been hit by three torpedoes from a sub. The first one hit a bomb, I understand, and after that it was mostly over."

It won't be easy for Chris to forget those three carriers he had seen in their dying moments—the *Yorktown, Hornet* and *Wasp*. He will remember the night of Nov. 30, too.

"We were at this base down south when the orders came to get going—and quick. Everybody said we were going to Tulagi to stop a Jap landing party up there."

At 7 the next evening the *Pensacola* was in the channel between the two islands of Guadalcanal and Savo, with three other cruisers.

"All evening I looked for the shadows of those Jap ships. I guess I thought I could see them—even if they weren't there yet. Our orders said we'd contact them at 11. At 11:06 we opened fire. That's how close the skipper was.

"I repeated every order as it was given, talking slow and loud. 'Train on target bearing so-and-so! Hoist ammunition! Ready powder! Load!' Then a pause. Then, 'Commence firing!'

"Our gunners are good men, damned good, and every gun on our ship has an 'E' for efficiency. You saw why that night. When our 18-inch guns went off, it was like all hell had broken loose; there was a burst of flame over there where the Jap ships were, and there was one Nip cruiser less. I don't see how anybody could have got off that ship alive. We opened up on another and hit her.

"They were firing on us, too, of course. And the cruiser next to us was hit, the *Northampton*. Guns going off and flames. I was scared. I mean I couldn't help it.

"Our turn came next. A torpedo struck us. I didn't know just where at the time because I was knocked down, and for half a minute I must have been unconscious. I don't know for sure. All I know is that the foretop was vibrating like when you stretch a piano wire and then let it loose—vibrating back and forth.

"Flames must have been shooting 200 feet high. People were shouting and running around. 'The ship's gone,' I thought. 'She's all finished.'

"But after a minute, I snapped out of it and started fighting the fire. We worked for hours, pumping ballast, and about 3 A. M. the fire was nearly out, and I had a chance to rest a little."

Most of the things Chris and his shipmates on the *Pensy* have done since that dark night near Guadalcanal must be kept secret.

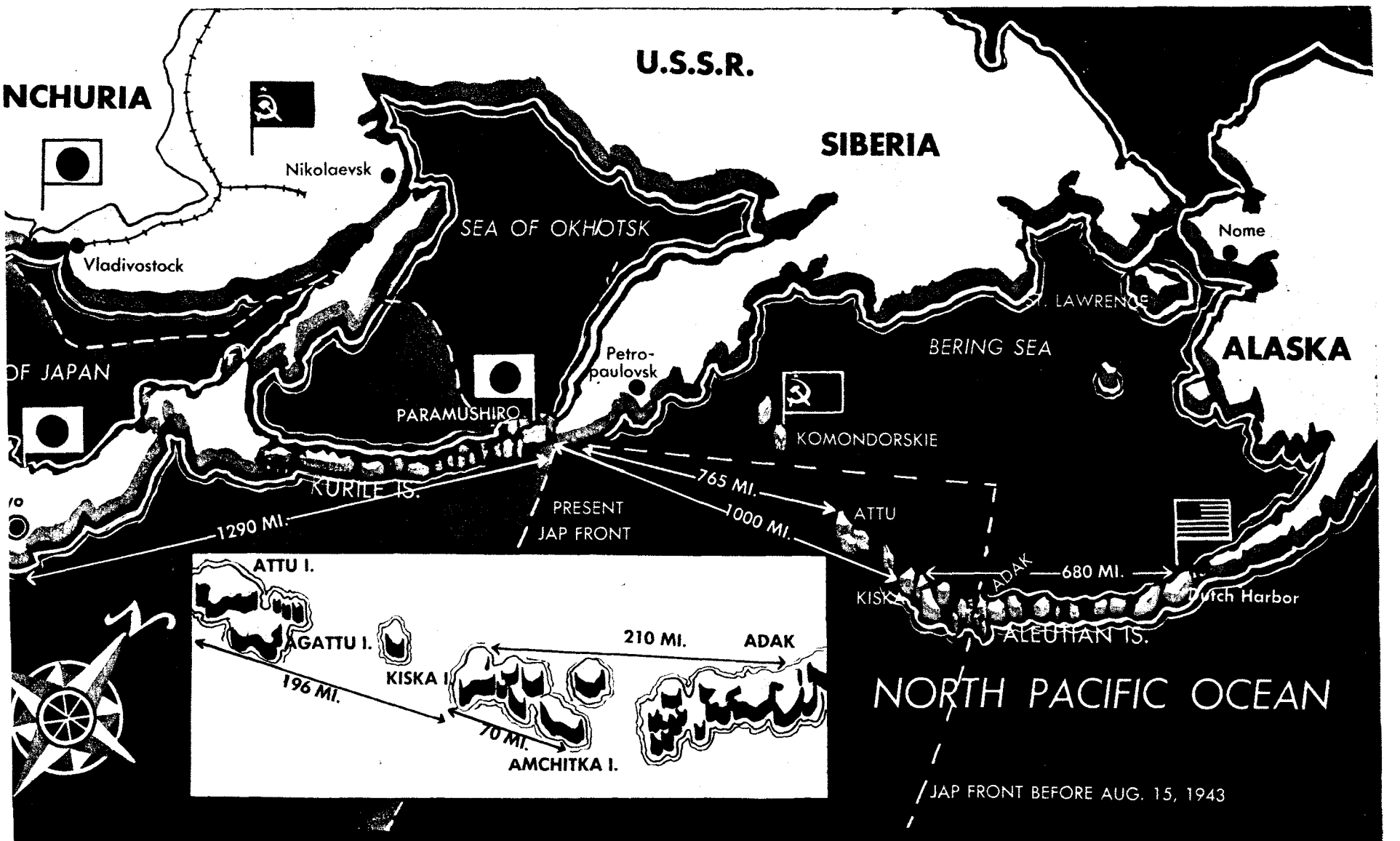
But this can be reported. In April, Chris was home in Omaha for two weeks and spent some time with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lyon, in Harlan, Iowa. While he was in Harlan, he went dancing, roller skating and bowling with Shirley Peterson, who by this time may have begun her nurse's training. "Probably, after this business is over, we'll get married," Chris thinks. "If it's okay with Shirley, I mean."

"You know," he says, "as I went to sleep the morning after the Battle for Savo, I thought 'You're going to have plenty to tell your kids, you so-and-so.' I guess I will, too."

When Chris returned to the *Pensacola* after his liberty on the mainland, he still had $300 of the $400 he had planned to spend.

"Nobody'd let me spend a cent anywhere. Some of them acted like I was a hero or something, just because I'd seen a little action. Hell, I'll show you a hero if you want one. There's lots of them on the *Pensy*."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ALEUTIAN CAMPAIGN

It was a strange kind of warfare, but it pushed the Japanese back a thousand miles closer to Tokyo.

WITHOUT a fight and, significantly, without regard for "face" the Japs have stealthily abandoned Kiska, their last base in the Aleutian Islands, presenting the Allies with an important though surprisingly easy victory. The enemy's North Pacific "front" has been withdrawn some 1,000 miles nearer Japan—to Paramushiru, where it was on Dec. 7, 1941.

The Aleutian campaign was in many ways as strange as those fog-grayed islands themselves. The fight for Kiska, Attu and Agattu was bloody at times, yet at other times whole invasion forces —Jap and American—landed without opposition.

On June 3, 1942, Jap planes attacked Dutch Harbor, Alaska. The attack was apparently only a diversion, however, for the Japs had concentrated a major task force against Midway Island at the same time. Returning from the Dutch Harbor attack and finding no American garrisons on Kiska, Attu and Agattu, the Japs simply occupied them without opposition and dug in. The Japs have had some easy victories, but they never had an easier one than when they took over our "stepping stones" to Alaska.

Although tortured constantly by storm and fog, they speedily, if crudely, converted their easy gains into submarine and air bases. They established a small force to engage in attacks against American shipping and planes but never had a force large enough to attempt invasion of Alaska. The Jap positions, however, threatened us, and American Army bombers and Navy patrol planes immediately carried out reconnaissance and attack flights against them. But bad weather, plus the fact that the Jap strength was never formidable, made the conflict for the American continent's "doorstep" almost listless at times.

It was not until Aug. 30, almost three months after the first Japanese landing, that U. S. troops occupied Adak—without enemy opposition—some 200 miles from Kiska, in our first concrete move to drive the Japs from the Aleutians. It had taken us a long time to realize the strategic importance of the Aleutians, but now American Naval task forces and planes were shelling and bombing Jap positions as often as they could. Meanwhile months went by with literally no signs of Jap activity.

However, fog, snow and cold made bombing difficult and results deceptive. Our bombers sometimes reported great havoc against Jap installations only to discover later by reconnaissance that almost no damage had been done. On Oct. 7 the Navy officially announced the apparent abandonment of Attu by the Japs, yet seven months later there was furious fighting on the same island.

The second American landing was on Amchitka Jan. 12, 1943. Although it was made within 70 miles of the Jap garrisons on Kiska, seven months after the original Jap landing, it met no opposition. The Japs, strangely unambitious, had done nothing about advancing their own hold on the Aleutians.

After the American forces had constructed air bases on Amchitka, our pilots intensified the bombing of Kiska. They dropped more than 1,000 bombs in one month and, with disregard for foul weather, daringly increased their raids from one a day in March to almost five a day in April.

ON May 11, almost a year after the first Jap landing, American forces scrambled ashore on Attu and in three weeks of savage fighting in rugged terrain completed the conquest of the island in the first direct combat in the campaign. The Jap, true to tradition, fought until he died, though he knew he could not possibly hold out against the Americans. Great numbers plunged insanely through our positions, gladly dying just for the privilege of killing another "Yanki." More than 2,000 Japs were officially killed on Attu (probably there were many more, for bodies are believed to have been burned or buried under snow). There were only 24 prisoners.

Attu and Amchitka gone, the Japs braced for the Battle for Kiska. The Americans, based on Attu, 196 miles from Kiska, and on Amchitka, 72 miles away, plastered Jap installations with heavy bomb loads, dropping 887,332 pounds of metal in July alone. The Japs directed antiaircraft fire against our bombers. They worked feverishly with pushcarts and wheelbarrows to complete an airfield. As late as July 11, the Japanese Navy tried to send reinforcements from Paramushiru, but we bombed their ships.

From the sea American warships bombarded the enemy garrisons on Kiska. The 10,000 Japs on Kiska knew they were licked. Through the dense fog, they beat it for home fast. Though antiaircraft guns had fired at us only two days before, not a single Jap was on the island when U. S. and Canadian troops landed Aug. 15.

THE last stronghold held by the Japs on America's North Pacific territory was silent when the Allied troops walked from the beaches to the deserted villages. Despite our heavy bombing and shelling, enemy installations were scarcely touched. In a crude underground hospital, water dripped along the walls. In the Jap commander's quarters, the rooms were too low for Americans to stand upright. Four midget submarines, designed for two-man crews, had been wrecked, perhaps three of them by Jap hands. Raw meat, still edible, and opened milk tins in which the milk was still sweet indicated that some Japs had probably made their escape even while we were landing on the beaches.

The Aleutian campaign, lasting 14 months, ended where it began, with the Japs in Japan. But it had cost the enemy 9 to 13 men-of-war sunk and 16 others damaged, plus 30 noncombat vessels sunk or damaged. The original Jap landings taught us the importance of the Aleutians as an advance submarine and air base; already from Attu, we have bombed Paramushiru, the major Jap base north of Japan.

The enemy also seems to have learned some lessons from his Aleutian defeat. The departure of 10,000 Jap soldiers from Kiska without a fight clearly indicates a radical change in the Nipponese do-or-die code. It means that the Japs, who wasted valuable manpower in hopeless battles at Guadalcanal, New Guinea and Attu, have learned now to abandon an unfavorable position and save their strength for a time when it will do some good. This intelligent shift in Jap tactics will make them a tougher foe than ever before.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

"BOSS, MAYBE WE NEED A NEW SCARECROW."

Letter from New Guinea

CAPT. SHELDON M. DANNELY, commander of an infantry company in New Guinea, wrote this letter to his older brother Joe, a corporal with a fighter squadron in England:

Dear Joe,

Your letter of May third came tonight. Gee, it was really swell to hear from you. The news about your promotion was especially good. I only hope they keep coming for you.

I do wish you'd quit kicking yourself around so. It isn't easy to earn promotions, especially in the ranks, and you haven't been in as long as I have, either. I have only earned two promotions—you have earned two—and it is easier for me to get promotions than for you: there aren't nearly as many of us. Listen—and I'd like to tell you this in person—the value of a person isn't in what he gets credit for doing but what he does. Knowing you, I know that you're doing a thorough job and people who matter don't judge a fellow by the title in front of his name. Yes, Joe, we officers have it a bit better from a lot of viewpoints, but the responsibilities and expectations are greater, too. I do know that you can live up to both expectations and responsibilities wherever you are called upon to serve. You do not wish more than I that there were bars on your shoulders. I have just recommended three of my sergeants for Officers Candidate School and I wish that I could do the same for you. I'd like to do it not just because of who you are but because I know what you are. It seems the breaks always have been with me, and you are the one who made many of those breaks possible. Believe it or not, your kid brother hasn't forgotten that.

One of these days you and I are going to celebrate a furlough together, and we'll celebrate it as man to man. We'll stand on our own feet with one arm about each other and, perhaps, the other about some lovely lass. There won't be the flash of a bar to make any semblance of difference, either.

This sounds like a sermon, but I've slept in the same muddy hole with my men enough to learn the worth of what is under the skin, rather than on the shoulder or sleeve. Sure, some of us are officers, some are noncoms, some are privates because we have to have it that way to win the war. My very life has depended on the ability of men under me too often for me to ever grow unmindful of their worth. Some of these same men, however, it falls my lot to correct and to command; and theirs is the duty to serve and obey. Yet, at the same time I speak to them (I hope) without partiality and without favor, deep within me I appreciate them more than the surface can be allowed to show. My great desire is that when we return to combat, I will be permitted to return with the men I know. You see, there are certain sergeants who won't let me down; there are certain corporals in whom I have the greatest faith; there are certain privates whose value cannot be measured in medals and words. They have one job and I another, but both are necessary; and, whatever his job, every man is as important to me as I am to him.

Love, SHELDON.

STRICTLY G.I.

Gift Service

THE Army Exchange Service has announced arrangements made through its New York office with certain firms for a mail-order service whereby men overseas can select Christmas gifts to be delivered to persons in the continental U. S. Special illustrated catalogues of the gifts available have been mailed to every post exchange where military personnel in the continental U. S. Special illustrated cata- in four divisions: 1) flowers, 2) perfumes and toiletries, 3) toys and 4) candies. The prices quoted represent the net delivered cost and do not allow any profit for the post exchanges. Flowers are quoted at approximately 10 percent lower than regular retail prices in the U. S., perfumes 33 percent lower, toys 40 percent and candy 25 percent. Gifts must be ordered from the post exchanges by Oct. 1 to guarantee delivery by Christmas, and each gift must be paid for in cash at the time ordered. Soldiers are requested to make sure they give the correct addresses, as hundreds of orders have already been returned because of incorrect addresses. The range of selections has been limited because of war scarcity of merchandise. Flowers are the most popular gift among GIs overseas because they are more readily available and fewer substitutions are necessary. Enlisted men, incidentally, shell out more dough for individual presents than officers, says the Army Exchange Service.

Contribs Please Note

U. S. postal authorities have ruled that free mailing privileges for soldiers apply only to personal letters. Contributions to publications, such as those sent to YANK in the form of stories, poems, cartoons, pictures, etc., must bear adequate postage. Letters to the editor or to *Mail Call* in YANK may be sent free.

The USO Explains

The USO has been getting lots of queries—and beefs—from servicemen who want to know why the USO isn't operating service clubs in the war areas. Here's the answer, says the USO: Where USO operates is up to the Army and Navy; it operates where the Government requests and permits it to operate. The USO maintains clubs and other services for the armed forces in the Western Hemisphere, which includes the U. S., Alaska, the Canal Zone, Caribbean areas, the east coast of South America, Bermuda, Newfoundland and Hawaii. The Government does not permit USO to operate such services in Britain, Africa, Australia and the South Pacific but has authorized other agencies to function in these areas. USO Camp Shows, however, operates in all areas where servicemen are stationed.

WAC Service Ribbon

Members of the WAAC who reenlisted in the WAC are entitled to wear a WAC Service Ribbon, which will be replaced after the war by a medal. The ribbon is made of rayon moire, is the same size as other service ribbons and has a moss-green center with old-gold edges.

New AAF Jobs

The WD has announced the establishment of the AAF Personnel Redistribution Center to reassign Air Force members who have returned to the States from theaters of operation. Stations have been organized at Atlantic City, N. J., and Miami Beach, Fla., and a third will be located at a place not yet announced. The stations will reevaluate and reassign all AAF personnel who have come back to the U. S. from overseas except those returned for hospitalization or for new specific assignments. AAF men who get medical discharges will be helped back to civil life through various Government agencies.

Correction

The JAG's Department has asked us to correct a statement made in the "New Tax Bill" story in the No. 3, Vol. 2 issue of YANK. The statement said: "If a serviceman's 1942 tax exceeds his 1943 one, the earned-income provision in effect forgives 75 percent of the 1943 tax and as much of the 1942 tax as results from earned income." The statement should read: "If a serviceman's 1942 tax exceeds his 1943 one, under the earned-income provision in effect as much of the 1942 tax as results from earned net income is forgiven, and the soldier owes 125 percent of the 1943 tax." The two examples which followed the original statement in the tax-bill story should be changed to conform to this correction. The change won't mean anything to most GIs because of the high exemptions for men in the services.

YANK EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Assistant Managing Editor, Cpl. Justus Schletzbauer, Inf.; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt, DEML; Sports, Sgt. Dan Peller, AAF.

Washington: Sgt. Earl Anderson, AAF; Cpl. Richard Paul, DEML.
London: Sgt. Bill Richardson, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Harry Brown, Engr.; Sgt. Ben Frazier, CA; Sgt. Walter Peters, QMC; Sgt. Jack Scott, FA; Sgt. Charles Brand, AAF; Cpl. Thomas Fleming, DEML; Sgt. Steven Derry DEML; Sgt. Louis McFadden, Engr.; Sgt. Durbin Horner, QMC.
North Africa: Sgt. Peter Paris, Eng. In cooperation with the Stars and Stripes: Sgt. Ralph G. Martin, Inf.; Sgt. Jack Foisie, Inf.; Sgt. Milton Lehman.
Central Africa: Sgt. Kenneth Abbott, AAF.
Cairo: Sgt. Burgess Scott, Inf.; Sgt. George Aarons, Sig. Corps.
Sicily: Sgt. Walter Bernstein, Inf.
Iraq-Iran: Sgt. Al Hine, Engr.; Cpl. James O'Neill, QMC.
India: Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. Robert Ghio, MP.
China: Sgt. Marion Hargrove, FA.
Australia: Sgt. Don Harrison, AAF; Sgt. Richard Hanley, AAF.
South Pacific: Sgt. Mack Morris, Inf.
New Guinea: Sgt. David Richardson, CA.
Hawaii: Sgt. Merle Miller, AAF; Sgt. John Bushemi, FA; Pfc. Richard J. Nihill, Inf.; Cpl. James L. McManus, Inf.
Alaska: Sgt. George M. Meyers, AAF.
Bermuda: Cpl. William Pene du Bois.
British Guiana: Pvt. Fred A. Peruzzi, Inf.
Brazil: Pfc. Nat Bodian, ATC.
Panama: Sgt. Robert G. Ryan, Inf.
Puerto Rico: Sgt. Lou Stoumen, DEML; Cpl. William F. Haworth, DEML.
Trinidad: Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff, DEML.
Surinam: Pvt. Bernard Freeman, Inf.
Nassau: Sgt. Dave P. Fields Jr., MP.
Iceland: Sgt. Gene Graff, Inf.
Newfoundland: Sgt. Frank Bode.
Greenland: Sgt. Edward F. O'Meara, AAF.
Marines: 1st Sgt. Riley Aikman.
Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Y3c.
Officer in Charge: Lt. Col. Franklin S. Forsberg; Editor, Maj. Hartzell Spence; Detachment Commander, Capt. Sam Humphrey.

Overseas Bureau Officers: London, Maj. Desmond H. O'Connell; India, Maj. Don Thurman; Australia, Capt. Donald W. Reynolds, 1st Lt. J. N. Bigbee; Cairo, Capt. Hedding Carter; Hawaii, Capt. Charles W. Bailthrope; Alaska, Capt. Jack W. Weeks; Panama, Capt. Henry E. Johnson; Iraq-Iran, Capt. Charles Holt; Puerto Rico, 1st Lt. Gerald G. Rock.

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entire contents reviewed by U. S. military censors.

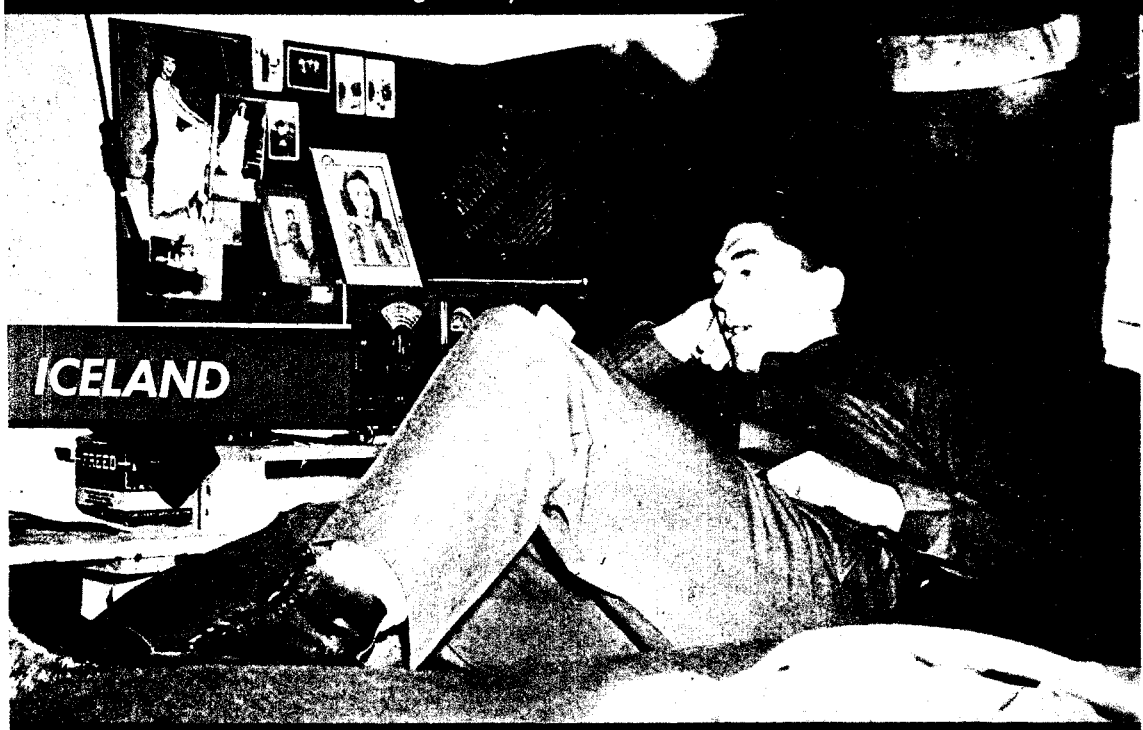
Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire services.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Retreat. Here, Pvt. Russel Mayer is the bugler; Cpl. Raymond Lehto salutes; Pvt. Olse Ramse holds the flag steady while Pfc. Paul Siri lowers it.

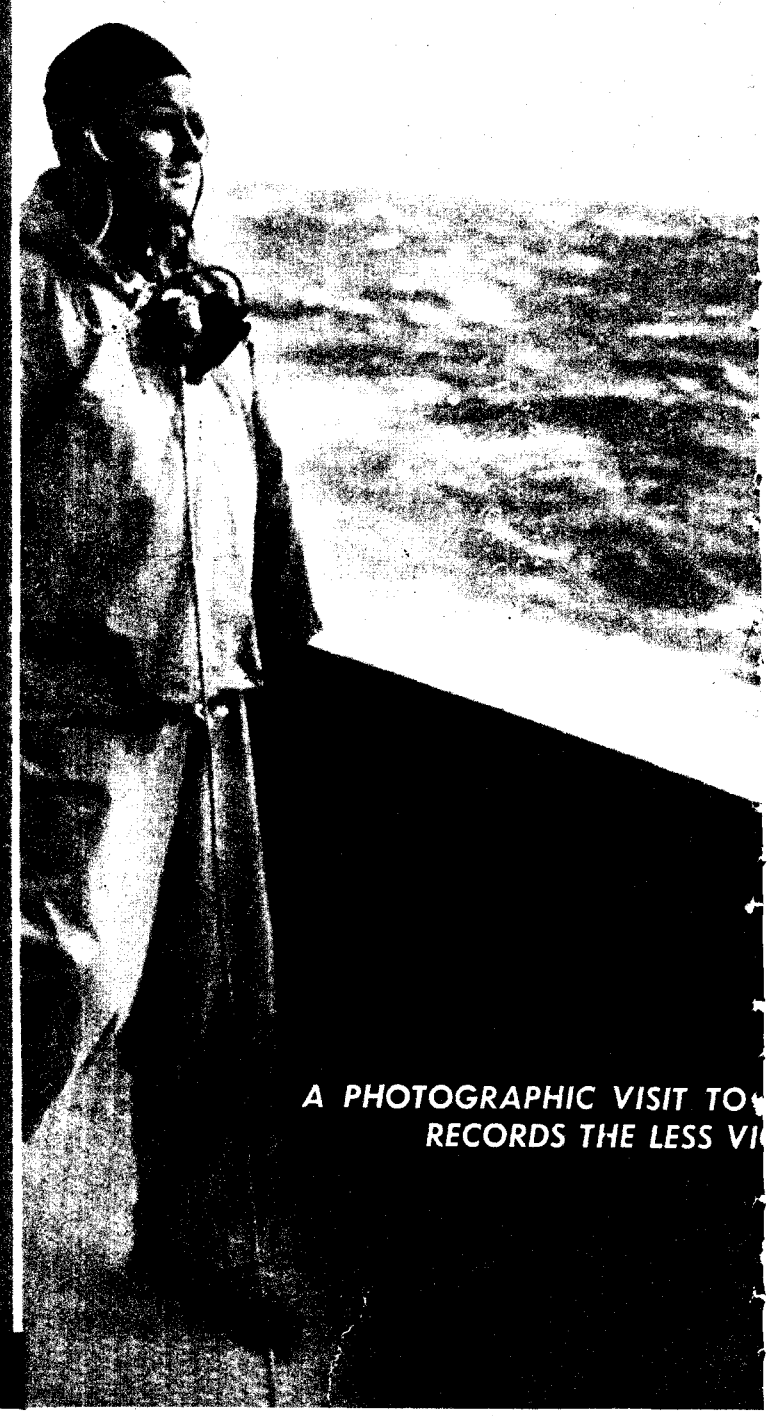
It's quite a trick to fold Old Glory the proper way when your hands are numbed with cold. The view is pretty up here. But the weather isn't.



At rest. Sgt. Jimmy Dodge makes himself comfortable in his bunk and listens to the latest phonograph recordings being played from his camp mess hall for all who care to listen.

The snow in Iceland is just like the snow in the United States: it's the stuff that makes a snow battle. The girls in this picture are American nurses. The targets—more nurses.

North Atla



A PHOTOGRAPHIC VISIT TO
RECORDS THE LESS VI

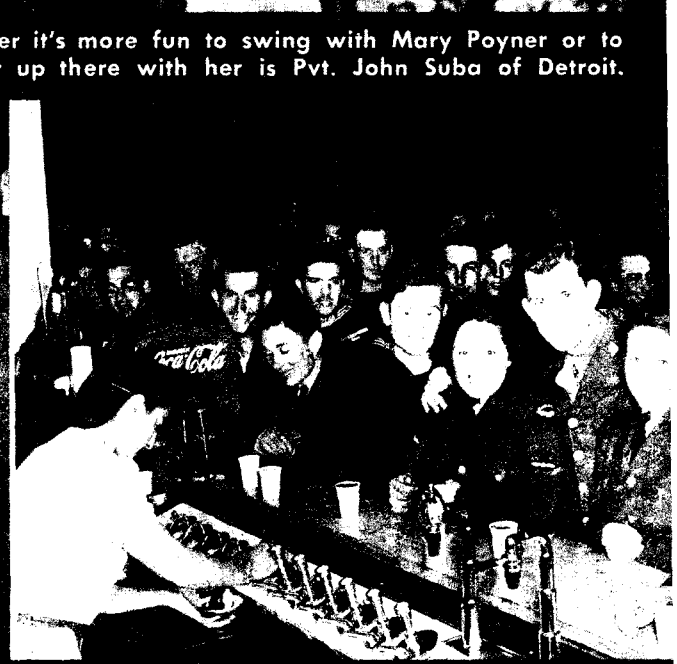
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flanked by Pvt. Ramse and Pfc. Siri, Cpl. Lehto carries the flag away after the ceremony is completed.

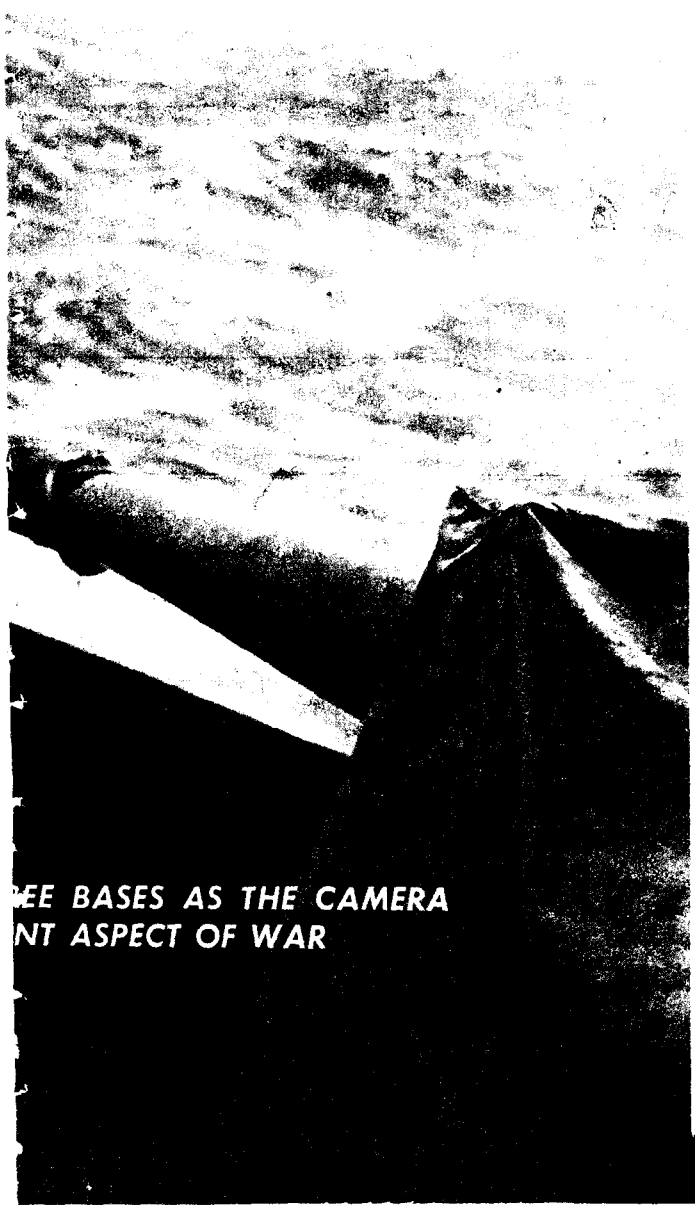
The question here seems to be whether it's more fun to swing with Mary Poyner or to be a spectator. At any rate, the guy up there with her is Pvt. John Suba of Detroit.

tic Report

His service record lost, M/Sgt. Forest Blair wasn't paid until he got $600 in one lump.



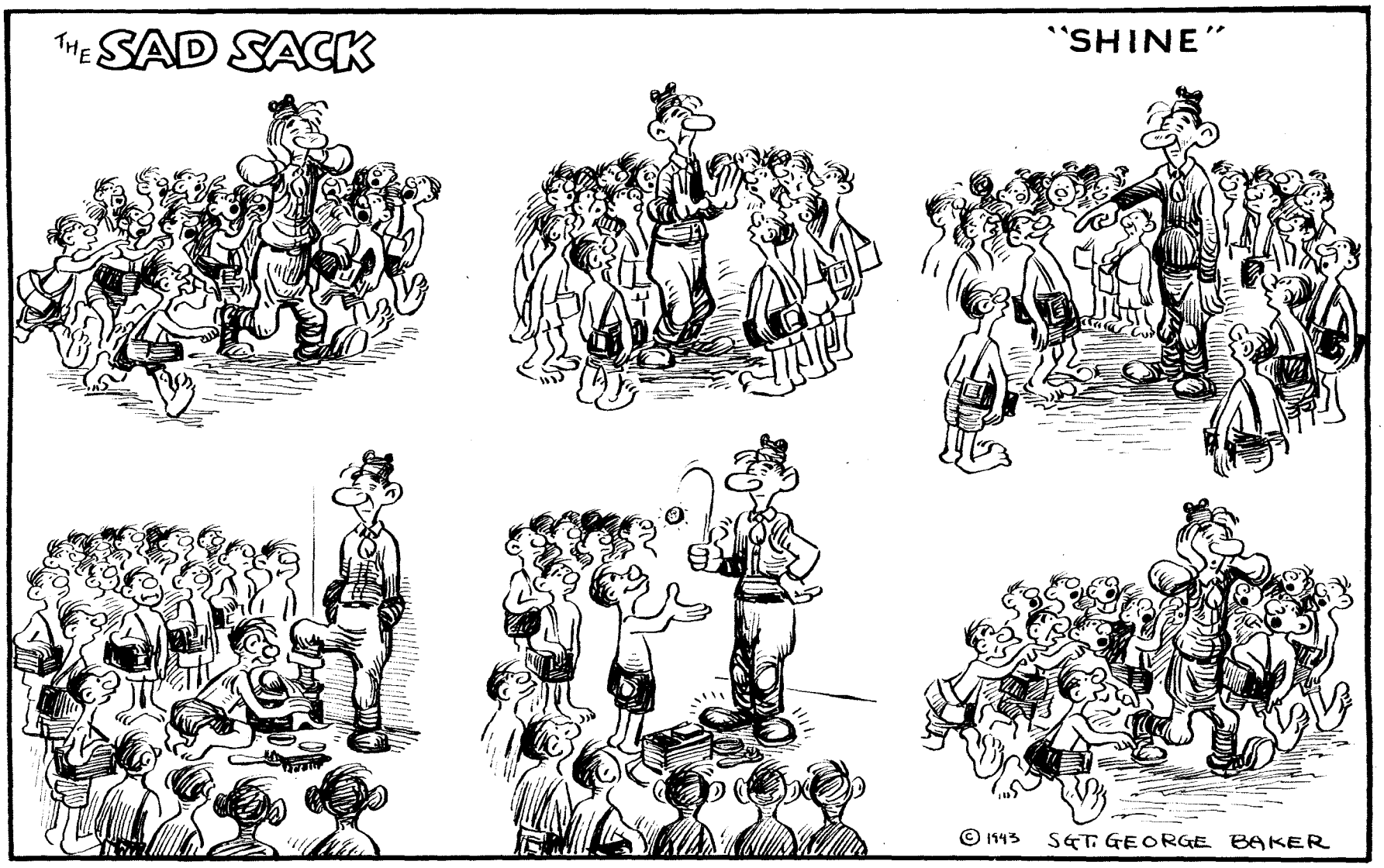
Allied uniforms together at coke bar of a USO shindig. The Yank soldier seems to be doing okay.



EE BASES AS THE CAMERA
NT ASPECT OF WAR

Pfc. Charles Nimmo had some idea of finding a swimmin' hole like he used to back in Minnesota, but this is the best he could do. He decided not to compete with the icebergs.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Artie Greengroin, PFC.

ARTIE BEHIND THE SECTION 8 BALL

"AWRIGHT," we could hear the sergeant shouting, "come out wit' yer light combat packs fer light combat."

"This is it," Artie Greengroin said. "This is where I do me ack. He says light combat but he means a extended order. Me gut can't take it no more."

Artie was sitting on his bed, smoking a weary old fag. "I ain't the kine of man that likes light combat," he said. "I'm strickly a heavy combateer."

"You're going to wind up in the bastille as sure as you're born," we said, "if you try to play looney with that sergeant." We knew that sergeant.

"Poop on it," Artie said. "I knowed that sergeant ever since they trun me in khaki. He's a rummy. I repeat, Sgt. Crud is a rummy. Poop on him."

The platoon, wearing light packs, dutifully filed out of the hut. Outside, Sgt. Crud called the roll. Finally the ominous word "Greengroin" rang out in the misty air.

"Lazy ole bassar's in the hut, sarnt," someone said.

"Dirty ole bassar's making faces at everybody, dirty ole bassar," said someone else.

The roll call went on. "He'll be in in a minute," Artie said.

"That he will, Artie," we said. "That he will."

"I better start losing some of me poise," Artie said. "I better begin looking disheveled like."

"You'd better," we said.

Artie ruffled his hair and drooled a bit. While he was indulging in this bit of beautification, the sergeant came into the hut.

"Greengroin," the sergeant said, "I want yer."

Artie looked at him blandly. "Nobody can have me," he said. "I'm me mother's."

"In this Army," Sgt. Crud roared, "I'm yer mother and yer father and yer sister and yer brother and yer gawdam ole Aunt Agnes. Why ain't you out wit' yer pack on yer back?"

"The trouble with you is you want to hurt me," Artie said. "Everybody wants to hurt me. I'm a sensitive plant. I bruise."

"I'll bruise yer blasted ole brains with the butt of a bazooka," the sergeant said.

"Thass it," Artie cried. "You want to get me out of the area so's you can moider me. Yer a moiderer."

"I am not a moiderer," the sergeant said. He was beginning to look a little worried. "I jess want yer to come out an do a extended order with the boys."

"Moiderer!" Artie screamed.

"Wass the matter with him, anyways?" the sergeant asked us.

We shrugged, implying that God alone knew.

"I think maybe I better go see Sgt. Flump," the sergeant said.

"Moiderer!" Artie shrieked.

The sergeant went out. Curious men of the platoon were peering enthusiastically in the door of the hut.

"Wait'll he comes back with that ole bassar, Flump," Artie said. "Thass where I'm really going to look good. I got faith in meself, ole boy."

There was a commotion and a shoving away of privates before the door. Sgts. Crud and Flump entered, Crud worried, Flump fierce.

"Greengroin," Sgt. Flump said, "I got me eye on you. Yer a devil, Greengroin, but I got me eye on you. Yer a disgrace to the Army."

"I'm a moiderer," Artie said, his eyes flaming. "A moiderer."

"He said I was a moiderer when I was in before," Sgt. Crud said.

"Thass confusing, ain't it?" Sgt. Flump said. "You done somebody in, Greengroin?"

"I'm a moiderer," Artie shouted. "I'm a sergeant-killer."

"He's nuts," Sgt. Crud said glumly.

"I'm going to kill every sergeant in the blassid Army in little pieces," Artie said.

"I better get a doctor," said Sgt. Crud. "Two doctors."

"Not so fass," Sgt. Flump said. "Not so fass. They's nothing the matter with this man."

"I'm a moiderer," shrieked Artie.

Sgt. Flump waved a magnanimous hand at Artie. "I come in here unner a mistapprehendsion," he said. "They's nothing the matter with this man except esprit de corpse."

"Wass that?" Sgt. Crud wanted to know. "Thass some kind of a disease, ain't it?"

"Ah, nah," said Sgt. Flump, "thass a state of mine. If yer a good fighting man you got esprit de corpse. If you ain't a good fighting man you ain't got nothing. Now Greengroin here is a good fighting man."

"I'm a moiderer," Artie said, much fainter.

"Sure, yer a moiderer," Sgt. Flump said. "All good fighting men is moiderers. I'm a moiderer. Greengroin. I'm proud of yer. I didn't know you had it in yer."

ARTIE stopped drooling. "Honess, sergeant?"

"Yerse," said Sgt. Flump. "You keep on this way yer gonna make corporal, sure as hell."

"Is thass so?" said Artie. He ran his hands through his hair.

"Yerse," said Sgt. Flump. "I'm proud to have yer in me company."

"Well, well," said Artie. He got to his feet.

"And now if you will jess join the boys for a little outing," said Sgt. Flump, "I will report me finding to the capting. He will be pleased."

"Thass a good idea, sergeant, ole boy," Artie said. He started to put on his combat pack.

Sgts. Flump and Crud went out of the hut.

"You see how it is?" Artie said. "You jess use a little brains and you make corporal."

"You've still got to do extended order," we said.

"They's nothing to it," Artie said. "To a man who's got the ole esprit and who's about to be permoted a little extended order is nothing. Well, ole boy, I got to go fall down on me gut for a while. Keep the home fires boining."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Perlstein *Sherwinski* *Webb* *Baczk* *Gaffney* *Bates*

Pfc. Jack (Jake the Fake) Perlstein, Alaska, sends greetings to his brother, Pvt. Nathan Perlstein at Drew Field, Fla.; then asks Pvt. Erve Fischer, somewhere in the States: "Have you shipped out yet? Let me know how the Army's treating you." . . . **T-4 Sylvester Sherwinski** is from Scherville, Ind. All he wants to say from Persia is hello, but he wants that relayed to his four scattered GI brothers, John, George, Raymond and Eugene. He also suggests they start writing. . . . **Cpl. Guy A. Webb** of St. Louis, Mo., is now in Alaska and hasn't heard from his brother, Pvt. Arnold S. Webb, USMC, for six months. "Drop your sewing machine for five minutes and bring me up to date," begs Guy.

Cpl. Walter Baczk of Lenox, Mass., in charge of an OP in Hawaii, has a message for Herbie and Dick North: "I don't know where you guys are, but I'd sure as hell like to hear from you." . . . **Pvt. George Gaffney**, stationed in Alaska, has a cheery word for Sgt. Ernie Hansen with the AAF in Australia: "Saw in a paper your folks showed me that you did a fine job in New Guinea." . . . **S/Sgt. Leron Bates** from Harlem, New York City, has been in a port outfit in Australia for the past 16 months. He's lost track of his brother, Paul Bates, who took his basic training in an Engineering outfit back in the States. He hopes Paul will see this and get in touch with him c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea*.

Mail Call

Dear YANK:
You seem to have forgotten the outfit that makes this war run. Yep, I mean the Ordnance. As fellow soldiers you know that all arms, trucks, tanks and ammunition come through the Ordnance. We bomb up the planes, supply their guns, ammo, flares and what not. For too long a time we have seen pictures of men loading up bombs labeled "bombardiers," or men running the gantlet of artillery fire and carrying ammo called "supply troops." It is about time people learned Ordnance is not spelled Ordinance and is not a part of the WAC.

Pratt Air Base, Kans. —Sgt. RICHARD BEIDLEMAN and the Entire Ordnance Section

■ What the hell are you picking on us for? We can spell.—Ed.

Dear YANK:
About that article [in a July issue of YANK] on the almost-officers who came here—the Arcadian life that these fellows are supposed to lead is all imaginary. The ex-OCSers almost broke their calisthenic-sore sides laughing. The reactions were: 1) The sergeant who wrote that article did so while he was in England. 2) He was kidding with a morbid sense of humor.

Jefferson Barracks, Mo —T-5 LAWRENCE WEINTRAUB

Dear YANK:
How about backing up the Veterans of Foreign Wars in their effort to put a bill through Congress authorizing the wearing of overseas chevrons? A GI can put on and remove ribbons very easily, but would have a hell of a job taking chevrons off each time he came in from pass. A campaign ribbon, not accompanied by a gold chevron, would show these phonies up for what they are.

Caribbean —Pfc. H. ARCHBOLD

Dear YANK:
A July issue has a photo of Lt. Sylvia Marsili, a WAC officer in North Africa, laden with assorted booty so prized by our haphazard service cinderellas and local lemonade-stand girls. YANK's caption writer tritely sounds off with "each ornament stands for a dance or a party." . . . Whether it was intentional or sloppy editing, the picture does the Wacs no good in the eyes of the average soldier. . . . That a woman officer should be flashing eagles, maple leaves, wings and bars—which may not mean much to the commissioned gallants who gave them but which we are darn well taught to respect in accordance with regulations—is a valid gripe. Reluctantly or not, they're symbols to us rank and file, and Lt. Marsili collects them like fraternity pins. My complaint is a matter of principle.

South Pacific —T/Sgt. ROBERTS JACKSON

■ Right you are, brother. The least an officer can do is merit the respect he gets.

Dear YANK:
After being in Texas several months we are convinced that most of the natives really believe Texas is winning the war alone. . . . Our opinion is the same as that of Gen. Sheridan, who once said: "If I had a ranch in Texas and a home in hell, I'd sell my ranch and go live in hell."

Lubbock, Tex. —S/Sgt. R. D. ROWLAND*

*Letter also signed by S/Sgts. J. W. Rusnak, E. E. Reeves, J. S. Shurley and F. W. Saunders.

Dear YANK:
We have been noticing the various pin-up girls that have appeared in YANK, and the boys here at 2d Bn. Hq., 300 Inf., think we have them all beat in the person of Miss Frances Rafferty. If anyone thinks that they have a protege that even comes close to comparing with Frances, we'd like to see her. But especially we'd like to see Frances in YANK.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Boys of the 2d Bn.

■ Look in this issue.

Dear YANK:
We have been overseas for almost 20 months and we are really beginning to feel it, physically and mentally. We haven't seen any action yet, but it isn't our fault and we have been only too willing to do our part. In our first 11 months overseas we accomplished a mission that was supposed to take two years. Believe me, we are awfully tired of dehydrated food, salt-water baths, intense heat and other things we cannot mention.

New Hebrides —Cpl. L. L. SMITHART and 13 Other Signatures

Dear YANK:
No use to attempt to tell you how much all of us like your pieces of "art," but you might be interested to know that most of the boys turn to Sad Sack before reading any other part of YANK. I used to be in a swell outfit where the fellows never pulled their rank about cutting in chow lines, etc. Naturally when I got into an outfit where this is practiced, it made me hate the guts of the first three grades who practice this. Thought I would pass the idea on to you if you want to have Sad Sack ready to be helped to his chow when a bunch of first three graders cut in—finally pushing him back out of the mess hall door, time is up for chow and the mess hall door is slammed in Sad Sack's face. Best wishes for continued success.

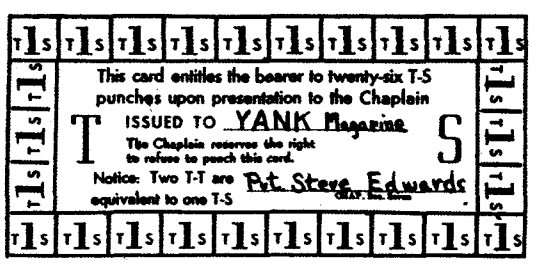
Britain —Pvt. JOE C. DONNELLY

■ Baker says thanks; he's been mangled himself and knows how you feel.

Dear YANK:
I was one of the first in the draft. I signed up for the Infantry but ended up in the Air Force with no chance of getting transferred. Can you run an article to have one month open so that transfers could go through for the EM who want to leave the Air Force (combat crews excluded)? We didn't ask for the Air Force and don't want it. Out of a squadron of 275 men, 190 want transfers to Infantry, Engineers or Signal Corps.

AAB, Herington, Kans. —Pfc. C. ANDERSON

Dear YANK:
Here is what I believe to be the original TS card.



It was thought up and printed by Pvt. Steve Edwards, one of the boys of the ASTP unit here at the University of South Dakota.

Vermillion, S. Dak. —Pvt. THOMAS B. BOYD

Dear YANK:
We are pretty keen on your "Invasion" game and are requesting an additional supply of the maps. Please send as many of them as you can to keep about 20 fellows supplied.

3610 S.U., Battle Creek, Mich. —Pvt. PETER E. TROYAN

Dear YANK:
I am in charge of the day room for our outfit and know the fellows would deeply appreciate any of those "Invasion" maps you could send us.

California Desert —Cpl. GEORGE J. LEVINE

Dear YANK:
Please send a set of "Invasion" grid maps for our ASTP squad.

Atlanta, Ga. —Pvt. ROBERT J. KIRKWOOD

■ The maps are on their way. When you want more, drop us a post card.

MESSAGE CENTER

R. Pfc. JOE REAGAN, with the Third Airways Com. Sq. when last heard from, write to S/Sgt. Robert M. Small, Comm. Sq. Det., Great Bend Army Air Field, Great Bend, Kans. . . . Pvt. KENNETH REASONER, last heard from in the 12th Rep. Sq., Duncan Field, Tex., get in touch with Cpl. Charles Voiland, 582d Bomb. Sq., 393d Bomb. Gp., AAB, Sioux City, Iowa. . . . S/Sgt. WILLARD H. REECE, once stationed at Columbia (S. C.) Air Base, write to Pfc. John F. Dagley, 811 TSS, Bks. 1341, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. . . . Pvt. CLAIRE REPOLE of Pittsburgh, Pa., now overseas, write to Pvt. Daniel Cunningham, Sta. Hosp., Camp Edwards, Mass. . . . Pvt. CHARLES E. REYNOLDS, somewhere in the Pacific, write to your cousin, Pvt. Albert Krise, Btry. C, 959 FA Bn., East Garrison, Camp Roberts, Calif. . . . ROSE MARIE ROGERS of South Brooklyn, N. Y., now in the WAC, write Sgt. Joseph D'Amato, 98th AB Sq., Esler Field, La. . . . Pvt. OREN E. RONGE, in Hawaii when last heard from, write Pfc. John A. Baker, Hq. Co., 151st Inf., Camp Livingston, La. . . . S/Sgt. IRVING B. ROTH, last address: 502d Bomb. Sq., Salina, Kans., write to Sgt. Leo Ullman, Veterans Hospital, San Fernando, Calif.

S. Pvt. NORMAN SCHWARZ, last heard from at Barksdale Field, Shreveport, La., see *Message 1.** . . . DON M. SHELBORNE, U. S. Navy, who was wounded at Pearl Harbor, get in touch with Pvt. Raymond E. Younghans, Med. Sect., SCU 1967, Camp Haan, Calif. . . . WAYNE SHEPPERD, AAF, in Australia, write to M/Sgt. Jack Roberts, 563d Sig. Co., 63d Div., Camp Blanding, Fla. . . . Sgt. JAMES A. SHOWALTER, once in the 17th TB, Camp Meade, Md., see *Message 2.*† . . . Will Pvt. BEN SINGER, who was stationed at Camp Blanding, Fla., write to Pvt. M. D. Mirkin, Med. Det., 820 Sig. Bn., Morris Field, N. C.? . . . Pvt. TOM STEPHENSON, once at Scott Field, Ill., see *Message 3.*‡ . . . Will Sgt. OLIVER STRAND, who was at Galveston, Tex., in 1941, write to T/Sgt. J. W. Orsak, Cadet Det., AAFBS, Midland, Tex.? . . . Sgt. JAMES EARL SWEENEY, somewhere in the S. Pacific, get in touch with Pvt. Charles Kennard, U. S. Army Rec. Co., 670 TD Bn., North Camp Hood, Tex. . . . LEON (PETE) TESH, once with the 315 Inf., Con. Co., write to Pvt. James (Jack) Secrest, 873d Gd. Sq., Luke Field, Phoenix, Ariz.

T. Pvt. CYRIL TELLIER, who left Fort Devens, Mass., Jan. 19, 1943, write to Cpl. J. Sugrue, Btry. A, 407th CA Bn. (AA), Camp Haan, Calif. . . . Sgt. CLAUDE D. TILLEY, once in the 17th Tk. Bn., Camp Meade, Md., see *Message 2.*† . . . T/Sgt. JAMES TOBIN, formerly with the 41st Evac. Hosp., Fort Bragg, N. C., see *Message 3.*‡ . . . Will Pvt. TRAVITSKY write to Cpl. E. Lindenfeld, Spec. Serv. Sect., 508th Prcht. Inf., Camp MacKall, N. C.?

V. DANIEL L. VIEGAS F3c, S. Pacific, get in touch with your brother, Sgt. Larry G. Viegas, Sig. Det., SCU 1991, Camp Cooke, Calif.

W. Lt. JOSEPH DANIEL WALSH, once at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., write to Pvt. Cliff Schenk, Hq. & Hq. Co., 692d Engr. Base Shop Bn., Camp Edwards, Mass. . . . S/Sgt. JOHN WEAVER, whose last address was 49th Serv. Gp., Walla Walla, Wash., write to S/Sgt. Raymond E. Mast, Hq. Co., 534th AIB, Camp Chaffee, Ark. . . . Pvt. FLOYD WHEELER of Pittsburgh, Pa., now believed to be in Alaska, write to Lt. Walter Thatcher, Co. G, 353d Inf., Camp Carson, Colo. . . . Pvt. WILLIAM M. WHIGHT, who took his basic training at Camp Wolters, Tex., write to Pvt. Hugh W. Teat, Btry. A, 385th AAA, Auto. Wpns. Bn. (Semi), Camp Edwards, Mass. . . . Sgt. ALFRED WICKSTROM, once at Camp Forrest, Tenn., write to Cpl. John Shaw, Co. C, 543d EBSR, East Garrison, Fort Ord, Calif. . . . 2d Lt. JOHN R. WILLIAMS of McEwen, Tenn., once at Fort Jackson, S. C., write to Pvt. Richard Fox, 41st Hq. & Hq. Sq. AAFANS, Selman Field, La. . . . Pvt. ARTHUR WOLFF, last heard from at Norris Field, N. C., see *Message 1.** . . .

Z. Will Pfc. ALBERT ZGAINER, French Morocco, and Pvt. EDWARD ZGAINER, Canal Zone, write to Sgt. F. M. Pelch, 30th Adrm. Sq., AAB, Kearney, Nebr.?

**Message 1:* Write Sgt. Howard L. Wolf, Hq. & Hq. Sq., AAFTS, Box 463, Keesler Field, Miss.

†*Message 2:* Write Pvt. Francis J. Good, Co. C., 62d Med. Tng. Bn., MRTC, Camp Barkeley, Tex.

‡*Message 3:* Write Pfc. Bob Fenske, 4th Com. Sq., Robins Field, Ga.

TRADING POST

Composers. The following men write lyrics and want to get in touch with composers: Pvt. L. W. Butsh, C-7, Harmon Gen. Hosp., Longview, Tex.; Pfc. Andrew S. Miranda, c/o YANK's Trading Post; Pvt. John T. Jupa, 509 TG, 34th Sq., BTC No. 5, Bks. 2535, Kearns, Utah; Cpl. J. G. Stover Jr., c/o YANK's Trading Post.

Lyricists. Pvt. Raymond L. Kirby, ORTC Band No. 1, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md., writes melodies and wants to get in touch with lyricists.

Service Match Covers. Cpl. William G. Parke wants to get in touch with soldiers who collect service match covers. Will pay $1 for a *USS Lexington* cover. Write him c/o YANK's Trading Post.

Gagmen. Pfc. Cecil E. Lowen, cartoonist, wants to get in touch with gagmen. They should write him at 1078th Ord. Co. Avn. (AB), Selfridge Field, Mich.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well," he said, "I'll have to be going in a minute. Thanks for walking me down."

AN HOUR Between Trains

By S/Sgt. WILLIAM KRASNER
22d Academic Squadron, Grand Rapids, Mich.

RAY thought in a week he'd probably be on board a ship. The thought annoyed him. It seemed melodramatic. He put it out of his mind and stepped off the train.

"Don't go too far, corporal," the conductor told him. "Your train leaves in an hour. It'll be on that track over there." He motioned towards it.

Ray thanked him. He walked down the long platform between the tracks, under the yellow smoky light. At its end he stopped by the great station clock and checked his watch. One hour.

Outside the night was clear and cool. Not many people were around. What can a guy do around here to kill an hour? He lit a cigarette and started down the street. A block down, the light from a small restaurant lay across the sidewalk. He looked in—a long counter, a juke box and a few booths. Something like the place he and Alma used to stop in after dates, before they split up. He crushed his cigarette and went inside.

The place was almost empty. Two waitresses were at the other end of the counter. One waited on a lone customer there; the other, when she saw him enter, poured a glass of water and started toward him with it. He watched her approach. Nice girl, he thought, nice figure, nice face. Where had they all come from, all of a sudden, these nice-looking young girls?

"Ham-and-egg sandwich and coffee," he told her. "And if you don't have anything to do after you bring it, sit down and talk to me."

She seemed a little surprised. "Well—OK," she said. "I guess there won't be much to do."

She brought the order and sat down. "Aren't you out kinda late?" she asked. "Most of the soldiers have to be in by 11:30."

"I'm not from around here. I'm just passing through."

"Oh. On furlough?"

"No. Just to a new station. I'm going to the coast."

"That's pretty far." She lapsed momentarily into silence. "My boy friend, he's down in Florida, in the Air Corps. Well, he's really not my boy friend—just a fellow I know. Anyway, he's in Florida. He went down on a troop train. Are you on a troop train?"

"No. I'm by myself."

"That's kind of funny. Soldiers coming through sometimes stop in here. There's usually a bunch of them together, though."

"I guess so." He sipped at his water. "Do you live close by?"

She nodded. "I live with my folks, just out of town. Where are you from?"

"Jersey. I live with my brother and his wife. I don't have any folks."

He watched her from the corner of his eye. She seemed a little embarrassed, as though undecided whether or not to express sympathy. He picked up his sandwich and bit into it. "That's too bad," she said finally and paused. "Do you have a girl there?"

HE saw, for a moment, Alma's cold eyes just above him; heard her hard voice; saw her walk, her back stiff, up the steps and slam the door. To hell with Alma, he thought; to hell with her.

"Not exactly," he said. "I had a girl. We broke up."

He thought of how he used to come home from the factory, and the muddy place there where there was no sidewalk. Madge, Bert's wife, would holler "Who's there?" when he came in, and he would say "Ray" and go upstairs. Madge wasn't a very good housekeeper, and his room was never very clean or warm. Probably that was because he was just a member of the family. About twice a week he would go out, usually either with a girl from the telephone company or one he met in the dance hall. Alma had been the best of them.

To hell with her.

"Well," the waitress said, "I don't have a steady boy friend, myself. That fellow in Florida —we went around a lot but he wasn't really my boy friend."

She got up and sold a package of cigarettes to a man who had come in. Ray began to drink his coffee. The restaurant clock was an old hand-winder; it's pendulum swung back and forth with a steady effortless rhythm, and its ticking was audible in the room. He checked his watch with it. The girl came back and sat down. He finished his coffee. "Well," he said, "I'll have to be going soon." But he made no move. He lit another cigarette but was too nervous to enjoy it. Finally he crushed it out. "Well," he said, "thanks for sitting down with me, anyway."

"Oh, don't mention it. I enjoyed it lots. I wish you could stay longer."

"So do I." He looked at the crushed, gray stub.

"Look," he said, "I know it sounds funny to say this, but I'll never be back here, and you're not doing much right now. Why don't you walk me down to the station till my train leaves?"

"Oh, I couldn't! I'm not supposed to leave the place while on duty. . . . Well—how long would it take?"

"Only a few minutes."

"Well—wait a minute."

She went over and whispered a while to the other girl. Then she took off her apron and cap and put on a coat. He opened the door and they went outside.

They walked slowly. But still, with each step, the ground passed irrevocably under his feet and was gone behind. He felt a little estranged from the girl; the warm familiarity of the restaurant seemed to be fading. "Nice night," he said. "Yes," she answered and was silent. He wondered why he had asked her to walk to the station.

They went down the wide tiers of steps and into the huge empty terminal. At the gates he stopped and turned toward her. He looked at his watch. "Well," he said, "I'll have to be going in a minute. Thanks for walking me down."

Then he knew; knew why he had wanted somebody there with him. Not especially her, or even Alma, or any girl he had ever known; just anybody to whom it would make a difference that he was going—that he was almost gone. Somebody. That was all.

He shook her hand.

"Miss me when I'm gone?" he asked. It was a joke—and he smiled.

"Sure I will," she answered and he felt the pressure as she squeezed his fingers.

YANK FICTION

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

CHEYENNE, WYO.

Continuing its series of visits to U. S. communities, YANK stops at the capital of Wyoming to see how it is taking the war. Watch for your own town. It may appear here soon.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

The Union Pacific, whose station tower looks like a church steeple, is still a mainstay of the town.

CHEYENNE, WYO. — Recently the audience in Cheyenne's lush, newly decorated movie house, the Lincoln, had a surprise. There on the screen, in a close-up, was the face of a boy they all knew. His name was Curly Hill. Before the war Curly had worked as an usher in that same Lincoln Theater. Now he was back, his face contorted with pain, as the film showed him being lifted from a C-47 ambulance plane somewhere in North Africa.

The shock of the audience, however, was nothing compared to the shock Curly Hill would undergo if he really were to return to wartime Cheyenne for a visit.

A tremendous influx of war workers and Army families has swollen the population from 22,400 to 35,000. The tiny regular Army post at Fort Francis E. Warren has mushroomed into a huge quartermaster replacement center. Most of the United Air Lines installation at the airport has been taken over by the Army as a modification center where heavy bombers are given their final processing before they are flown overseas.

Yet little has changed in the basic life of the city. The principal mainstays are still the Union Pacific yards, the federal and state Civil Service employees always found in a state capital, and the immense sheep and cattle ranches which encompass nearly the entire state of Wyoming.

Many stores on 16th and 17th Streets are bustling with activity and rolling in wealth. The prices are stunning. A plate of ham and eggs at the Mayflower Restaurant, for instance, now costs 95 cents. It used to be 35. A good deal of the city's new-found wealth goes into War Bond drives and a super USO, in the half-million-dollar white elephant Consistory Temple on Capitol Avenue. This structure is so lavish that one private reverently took off his hat on entering it for the first time. "I thought I was in the capitol building," he said.

The little yellow city busses, which used to chug lazily along the quiet streets less than half-filled, are now jammed to capacity with war workers and spot all sorts of messages to the public, such as "STEP TO THE REAR—IT HELPS EASE THE SQUEEZE."

The newly arrived war workers are industrious and quiet and keep mostly to themselves, except when they are called upon to help support such affairs as Cheyenne's renowned rodeo, Frontier Days. There's a big new trailer housing project on East Pershing Boulevard, and down at Frontier Park, in the space between the grandstand and the fence where the Sioux Indians used to pitch their tepees, the Government has pitched a grim-looking barracks for the workers at the modification center.

Seventeenth Street on Saturday night is a solid wall of khaki, and you can't get into the movies, the cocktail lounge of the Frontier Hotel or the Wyoming and Oak Rooms of the Plains Hotel. Unable to get male musicians any more, the Oak Room has a four-piece girl orchestra, called Karson's Musicals, who play a strange combination of rumbas and Russian folk songs.

The famous carpet in the lobby of the Plains, with its huge head of a noble albeit extinct Indian chieftain named Little Shield, has been put away for the duration. "The soldiers were much rougher on it than the politicians used to be," explains the management. Old Joe, the Plains' venerable Filipino bellhop, is still around, however. Gray-haired Joe was brought to this country from the Philippines by Lt. Gen. (then Lt.) Lesley J. McNair in 1911. He has been a fixture at the Plains ever since. When Gen. McNair was wounded in Africa recently, Joe couldn't eat until he learned the wound was not serious.

The Plamore, out on the Denver Road south of town, has been declared off limits for servicemen after midnight. This caused an embarrassing situation a few weeks ago when a Pvt. Bill Rembicz of Fort Warren gave an engagement party there. Exactly at midnight, the MPs came and hauled Rembicz away from his guests and fiancée.

The town has wide-open gambling now, with blackjack and poker establishments running full blast behind some of the cafes and pool halls. This is the result of an attempt to make Cheyenne another Reno, the first step in which was a new 60-day divorce law. The campaign is beginning to work, although the town ran into trouble last year when four bars (Jack's, Earl's, Shuman's and the Tivoli) were accused of "operating under unsanitary conditions." At the trial, one of the defendants, Mrs. Anna Shuman, quoted scripture and said: "We're fighting for justice and democracy, and look what we get. To err is human, to forgive divine. We have violated the law, but why not give us a chance to make amends? Our future and our children's future depends on the council's decision." The joints were closed.

Juvenile delinquency has become a problem. Thirteen-year-old Robert Farnsworth killed 14-year-old Jimmy Merritt with a Sharps revolver he had stolen from the State Museum. A 19-year-old girl rented a house on the corner of 21st and Central and was using it as a "recreation club" in which 28 teen-age girls were providing recreation for free. As a result of such incidents, F. B. McVicar was appointed to the new post of juvenile delinquency officer.

It was decided that an increased sports program was what the town needed to counteract this wave of delinquency, so a new 14-team softball league was set up for the kids, and a four-team industrial league for the adults. In addition, a crack Fort Warren league, including former minor leaguers, is in full bloom. Accordingly, Pioneer Park—which was closed when the Western League folded and took the famous Cheyenne Indians off the active list in 1941—now has baseball seven nights a week for the first time in its history. The two golf courses play 500 golfers on a Sunday and the 11 bad tennis courts are always jammed.

There are still the old standard gags about Frontier Days, which generally go as follows: "There are only two seasons in Cheyenne—winter and Frontier Days," or "In Cheyenne, the groundhog comes up on Feb. 2, looks around and says, 'I'm going back to sleep. Don't wake me up again until the opening day of Frontier Days'."

Because of the influx of war workers, there was no decrease in attendance this year. Nearly all the performers were back, including Buck Sorrells, Carl Arnold, Bob Crosby and the local favorite, King Merritt. It seems that the bulldoggers and ropers are too old for the Army, and the broncoriders have so many broken bones that they are invariably rejected. The old show was the same, with the citizenry wearing cowboy clothes, Chief Red Cloud and his Sioux Indians indulging in squaw dances and buck races, and the city enjoying the usual profits.

And so life goes on in Cheyenne. The men hunt moose and elk in the Snowy Range; the women play cards; the kids go to Roedel's and the Owl Inn, swim in Sloan's Lake and neck in Lyons Park. The ranches are short of cowpunchers, but old-timers like Ernie King are still around. And with women replacing men as shearers, sheep raising is more profitable than ever at a new high price of 43½ cents a pound for wool. Actual war still seems far away.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMP NEWS

Inspection by Proxy

Lincoln Army Air Base, Nebr.—An order had been posted on the bulletin board of the 401st Training Group calling for all men to assemble for dental inspection. Every man was on hand except Sgt. Frank Lefevere.

M/Sgt. Ralph Posmoga called Lefevere's name several times and was ready to mark him absent when he was handed a small box and a note.

"I'll be late, but I'm not needed anyway," Sgt. Lefevere had written. "Please deliver package to dental officer in my absence."

The package contained one set of perfect GI teeth.

Triple Play

Drew Field, Fla.—Two shavetails were driving along the road when the headlights of their car picked out the tall, lanky form of Pfc. James B. Townes. The back seat was jammed with luggage, but they decided that they could squeeze one man in.

They drew up alongside and motioned to Townes, who stepped up and opened the door. The lieutenants gasped as they saw, hidden behind Townes, the smaller forms of T-4 Herbert Gage and Sgt. Albert Olson.

Simple Ceremony

Camp Wheeler, Ga.—When Miss Eva Cossairt of Huntington, Ind., said yes to Pvt. John H. Wible of Co. D, 10th ITB, he held out for a simple wedding ceremony in the chaplain's office. Wible's buddies had other ideas.

They appointed a committee which arranged the following: the use of the 3d Area chapel, appropriate music and a soloist, a chaplain to tie the knot and one to deliver the benediction, flowers, a two-squad guard of honor, coverage by the camp newspaper and photographers to record the ceremony pictorially.

Pvt. Wible was allowed to make one selection. They let him pick his own best man, Lt. Alexander Levinson—whom they had picked for the job in the first place.

MAN FOR THE JOB

Camp Santa Anita, Calif.—The 27th Battalion here had to produce a runner for the week. It was up to 1st Sgt. W. Swift to pick the man.

Perhaps Sgt. Swift was aware that his own name fitted him ideally for the job, but nevertheless he scanned the roster of the 27th hopefully. Finally, he saw just the man he wanted.

Pvt. Mercury got the job.

GRADUATION EXERCISES. They've left the WAAC and joined the Regular Army as Wacs. That's what all this loud cheering and hat-throwing is about at Camp Atterbury, Ind., after swearing-in ceremonies.

HOT INTERLUDE. These inductees at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., worked up a little jamboree in the post recreation hall while awaiting assignment.

AIR-MINDED. The crow on Cpl. H. O. Bailey's shoulder came around voluntarily to the Roswell (N. Mex.) Army Air Field; the duck dove into a plane.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS! The admiring mess sergeant is Edward M. Dzuba, Co. A, 305th Medical Bn., at this writing on Tennessee maneuvers, who got the Legion of Merit medal for his outstanding messes.

She Got His Number

Gulfport Field, Miss.—Pvt. Mac MacLaughlin sweated out a tough day of basic training with the 403d Training Group and returned to his barracks footsore and weary, feeling the need for a little sympathy and understanding.

So he went to the PX and put in a long-distance call to his wife in Pittsburgh, Pa. As he sat in the booth, resigned to the usual wait, the phone in the next booth rang. Pvt. MacLaughlin answered it. It was Mrs. MacLaughlin, calling *him*.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Grant, Ill.—Robert Zimmerman was advised by his dentist, Dr. L. O. Kincaid, to have three teeth filled before going into the Army. Zimmerman decided to wait. Recently Pvt. Zimmerman went to the dental clinic and the three teeth were filled there—by Lt. L. O. Kincaid, now a dental officer.

Fort McClellan, Ala.—A mess sergeant of the 26th Battalion was bawling out some trainees for their bad table manners. His language was choice and he was laying down a heavy barrage of it when he spied an officer entering the mess hall. He broke off in the middle of a sentence and said: "Gentlemen, let us pray."

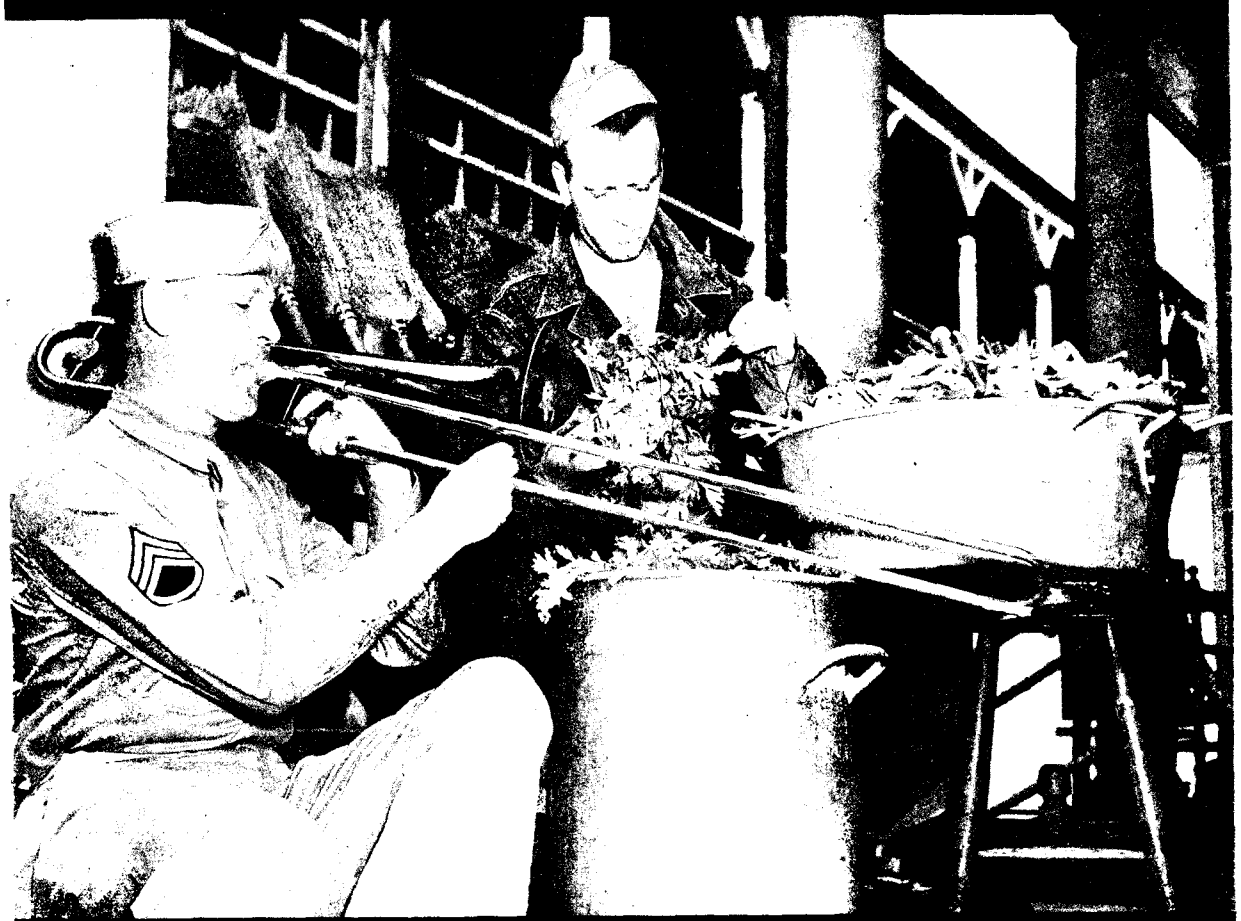
Bergstrom Field, Tex.—S/Sgt. Jack Ream, former Iowa band leader, has reason to appreciate the marvels of aircraft science. He purchased two pianos by telephone in Sioux City, Iowa. The other day they arrived here by Army air transport.

Camp Croft, S. C.—1st Sgt. J. R. Harris of the 27th ITB was stripped to the waist one day when he walked into the orderly room. He ran into Pvt. Michael Mack, detailed to GI the floor. "Get the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMING EVENTS. Pvt. Salvatore Mangion of the Bronx, N. Y., is invading a German village, though it's not in Germany but near Fort McClellan, Ala. This is one of the prop buildings used in training.

TWO TOPS. Beryl Wallace, showgirl beauty, gets a scroll and stripes making her honorary first sergeant of the Western Signal Aviation Unit Training Center, Camp Pinedale, Calif. She'd be easy to obey.



MUSICAL KP. Plucking celery is almost a pleasure when you have a helping horn beside you. Gabriel is S/Sgt. Merlin (Porky) Jungers of Detroit Lakes, Minn., and his audience is Cpl. Guy Wood, song writer of Manchester, England. They are both members of the Third Army Service Forces Band, Fort McPherson, Ga.

hell off the floor, you," Mack said. "Who do you think you are, the first sergeant?" Harris stepped away meekly enough, but as he left the orderly room he asked the GI his name. "Mack, huh?" he said, smiling. "Now that's an easy name to remember."

Sioux City Army Air Base, Iowa—Cpl. Robert Peterson, paratrooper trainee, worries little about unlucky numbers. On July 13th he made his 13th jump from plane 13 and landed safely near Highway 13, the 13th man out of the plane.

Douglas Army Air Field, Ariz.—Cpl. Robert A. Diedrich, 1101st Guard Squadron, went to the Hollywood Canteen recently. "That's a pretty good band you got here," he told the hostess with whom he was dancing, "but it's not as good as the 410th band back at Douglas." The girl smiled when he added that he could hardly dance to the music of any other band. Then she informed him that he was dancing to the 410th band, which had flown from Douglas to play at the Canteen for three nights.

San Bernardino Army Air Field, Calif.—The men of the 303d Squadron were lined up for morning roll call. 1st Sgt. John S. Beverly looked them over for a moment and then barked: "Platoon Leaders, report!" Sgt. George Alexander was the first to sing out with: "Six men absent." "Who are they?" Sgt. Beverly asked. "Well," Alexander said, "there's two men in the canteen, two in the latrine and two I ain't never seen."

FRONT PAGE CLIPPINGS

Camp Roberts (Calif.) *Dispatch:* Pvt. Edward Swendroski, Co. C, 85th ITB, shaved for the first time and didn't like it. He's 30 years old. . . . **Camp Abbott** (Oreg.) *Engineer:* M/Sgt. Wilmer R. Shaffer, elected president of the new NCO Club, is making a call for members. . . . **Fort Riley** (Kans.) *Guidon:* Pvt. Paul Bolcar of 29th Cavalry dislikes handling the shovel on stable police. He'd prefer digging holes; in civilian life he was a gravedigger. . . . **Enid Army Air Field** (Okla.) *Plane Facts:* Pvt. Walker Perry of the Medics was a hero when he scored a knock-out over a 5½-foot diamond head snake. . . . **Camp Claiborne** (La.) *News:* A former lifeguard, Pvt. Robert Mancini of the 348th Field Artillery Bn. put his experience to use when he rescued Pvt. Clifford Peck at Valentine Lake near here. . . . **Homestead Army Air Field** (Fla.) *Clipper:* Pvt. Shaffer, editor of the 471st Squadron paper, tried to push two gals into the Homestead pool, but they crossed him up. They dragged him in with them. . . . **Camp Bowie** (Tex.) *Blade:* M/Sgt. Peter H. Blystone has been commended by his CO for an invention—a can cutter which can take the bottoms off 26 tin cans in one minute. . . . **Camp Rucker** (Ala.) *Reporter:* Pvt. Roy Smith made good with his spare time, constructing 17 sets of furniture to be used at the Lake Tholocco swimming resort. Each set consists of a table, two chairs and a settee. . . . **Moses Lake Army Air Base** (Wash.) *Badlands Bat:* Sgt. Bruce W. Smith got the big news this way: "Dear Dad. Arrived safe 5:30 P. M., Aug. 8, 1943. 7¾ lbs. Mother is fine." Signed: "Your brand new son, Terry Bruce Smith."

NO HANG-OVER

Selman Field, La.—Former members of the defunct 555th Navigation Training Squadron decided to throw a squadron party for 1st Sgt. Ed Baritot, who was being kept on for administrative purposes.

The squadron fund had totaled 55 cents, but a carrying charge of 50 cents was levied on the account by the bank. So the members drew a check for 5 cents and presented it to Sgt. Baritot.

He bought himself a coke.

MESS HALL AT FORT BELVOIR, VA. – Sgt. Paul Galdone

What's new, bud, or funny around your camp? Got a bit of news, or an interesting picture, or feature? Well, what are you waiting for? Send it in to YANK, Camp Features, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

TOP SCORING. These three riflemen of the 518th MP Bn., Governors Island, N. Y., each made 196 out of a possible 210 on the range: Pvt. Raymond Barnes, Pvt. Joseph Fink and Pfc. Edwin Legate.

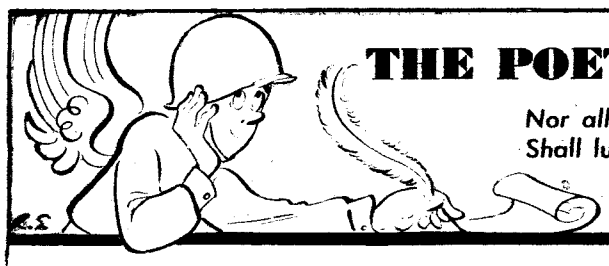
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frances Rafferty

YANK

Pin-up Girl

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co

NIGHT BOMBING

Metal wings along the night,
For St. Joe's birds are stretched in flight.
Cologne for Coventry,
Ruhr for Dover;
And when the holocaust is over,
When the walls are flat and bare,
Stark will be the ruins
Of another Saint-Nazaire.

Sounds in the darkness, high and faint.
Sirens in darkness, making complaint,
Long-fingered lights probing in the black,
And the rocket glow of arching flak.

Hamburg for Warsaw,
Tunis for Dunkirk;
And when the gods have played their quirk,
When their laughter fades away.
Still will be the shadows
Of the graves around Cambrai.

AAB, Topeka, Kans. —Pvt. S. N. WERNICK

BEER AND SEX

The soldiers in the Army,
All the he-men and the wrecks.
They do a lot of talking
About beer and also sex.

Now, it's my observation,
In spite of all they boast of,
That between beer and women,
Beer is what they get the most of.

New England —Sgt. IRVING CARESS

THE PRIVATE'S LAMENT

(To the tune of "There Is a Tavern in the Town")

There is a tavern in the town
(In the town),
Most plainly posted out of bounds
(Out of bounds)
Where grim MPs with arm band, mace and sneer
Search longingly for privates drinking beer.

CHORUS

Good-bye, likker, I must leave thee,
Sadly though the parting grieve me,
For authority has left no place where we can meet.
Adieu, vermouth and vodka, too,
(Yes, adieu),
I cannot take my cheer with you
(Cheer with you),
The only places left for likes of me
Serve coffee, soda pop and sometimes tea.

Although I walk the street all day
(Walk all day),
There's no place I can blow my pay
(Blow my pay).
All joints are labeled "Officers Only Here";
Go elsewhere, elsewhere, private, for your beer.

(Repeat Chorus)

—*Stars and Stripes, Middle East*

MY GI HELMET

Like a soulful pregnant turtle
Is this helmet I am sporting,
So I think I'll call it Myrtle
And encourage her cavorting.

Scott Field, Ill. —Pvt. BOB STUART McKNIGHT

I MET HIM BY THE NONEDIBLE GARBAGE CAN

There will come a day, I pray there will,
When about me tiny grandchildren shall play.
No doubt, they'll ask me, "Where did you meet grandpop?"
And I will sweetly smile and proudly say:

"I met him by the nonedible garbage can,
Long ago when I was a Wac so strong and hale.
I was on KP that day, emptying the morning trash,
And he a yardbird goldbricking from some detail.

"He was extremely handsome in his dirty fatigue clothes
As our eyes did meet across the garbage can.
'Twas then I knew, grandchildren, that destiny had sent
Into my life my one and only man.

"All that day on KP I wondered, 'Will he come again?'
And I just couldn't work worth a damn.
Oh, I will never forget the way your grandpop looked
As he stood beside the nonedible garbage can!

"Sure he showed up in our day room, and our courting nights began.
Such precious hours we spent before bed check!
Why, between KP and your grandpop, grandchildren, you can bet,
I was always an overworked, tired wreck.

"We were bush-whacking in the off-limit weeds the night
Your grandpop up and proposed to me.
I shouted out a 'yes!' before he'd change his mind.
So he made a married woman out of me.

"Yes, that was long ago, when women were brave Wacs.
Your grandpop proved himself a rip-snorting man.
And to my dying day I shall remember how he looked when
I met him by the nonedible garbage can."

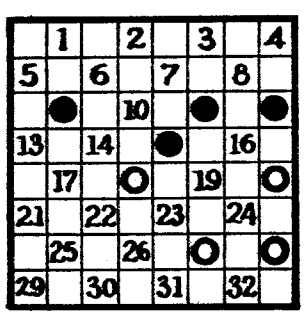
Camp Breckinridge, Ky. —T-5 JOSEPHINE PAGLIA

CHECKER STRATEGY

This situation illustrates a very practical idea in end-game play. The problem is for White to move and draw.

As you can see, White's checker on square 18 is the victim of a squeeze play. It cannot be saved, and the loss of one piece in this position would certainly cost White the game. Can you find a way out?

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



PUZZLE BEFORE PAY DAY

"Got change for a buck, Bill?"

Pvt. Bill Spender dug up all the loose change in his pocket. Finances weren't so hot. Here it was 10 days before the eagle would fly again, and all Bill could scrape together was $1.15. There was no dollar bill or silver dollar.

Checking up, Bill found that he couldn't make change for a dollar. In fact, he couldn't change a half-dollar, or a quarter, or a dime, or a nickel!

What coins *did* Bill have?

Don't look now, but the answer is on page 22.

"He's the dramatic critic from an Army camp paper."
—Pfc. Vic Hermon, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.

COAST TO COAST. Following her screen appearance opposite Bing Crosby in "Going My Way," Rise Stevens, Met Opera star, will go on an extended concert tour. . . . Byers Bros. Combined Shows are providing the midway attractions at three Illinois fairs: Du Quoin, Mount Carmel and Williamson County at Marion. . . . The Comerford Theater at Rochester, N. Y., now provides thrice-daily radio news broadcasts for its patrons. . . . Lawrence Tibbett has been booked for 40 concerts, beginning at Montreal, Canada. . . . The Statler Hotel, Washington, D. C., is rebuilding its Embassy Room for the appearance of Hildegarde. . . . The Western States Promotion Council announced plans for a Victory World's Fair to be held in Los Angeles, Calif., three years after the war's end. . . . The Valley Arena Gardens, Holyoke, Mass., gutted by fire, will be rebuilt if priority problems can be solved. . . . Ringling Bros.' "Spangles" Circus abandoned its plans to go on the road following its 9-week run at Madison Square Garden, N. Y.

Hildegarde

HOLLYWOOD. In appreciation of her attendance at the graduation ceremonies at Gardner Field, Calif., wives and mothers of the cadets there presented film star Lynn Bari with a side of bacon. . . . Tallulah Bankhead will be the principal woman passenger in "Lifeboat," Alfred Hitchcock's latest drama for 20th Century-Fox. The set for this film is unique in cinema history; all the action takes place in a 26x8-foot lifeboat. . . . Lena Horne has been added to the cast of the musical, "Two Sisters and a Sailor." . . . John Garfield has a pet gun, a flat black automatic, which he has used in every picture, whether his role called for him to be a villain or hero. He used it again in "The Fallen Sparrow." . . . Carmen Miranda is well on the road to recovery after a serious illness in which three blood transfusions were necessary. She had just completed "The Gang's All Here" when she was hospitalized. . . . The script used for "This Land Is Mine" has been presented to the motion-picture department of New York University. . . . Laird Cregar, who plays the featured role of Jack the Ripper in "The Lodger," is the smallest of the boys in his family, one of whom tops 6 feet 7. . . . Katina Paxinou, first lady of the Greek Royal Theater, has been added to the cast of the new Ginger Rogers film, "Tender Comrade." . . . "Gaslight," new MGM drama, will star Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer and Joseph Cotten.

Lynn Bari

BAND BEAT. Katherine Ann Cornell, who attended high school with Frank Sinatra, replaces Georgia Gibbs as vocalist at Cafe Society Downtown in New York. . . . Dave Barbour, former guitar man with Benny Goodman, has his own five-piece combo and opened successfully at Gracel's, Los Angeles, Calif. . . . Paula Kelly, ex-vocalist with Bob Allen, has replaced Marion Hutton with the Modernaires. . . . Al Donahue and his orchestra are at Dailey's Terrace Room, Newark, N. J., for a four-week run. . . . Gerry Larson, who sings with the Vincent Lopez band at the Hotel Taft, N. Y., was formerly a school teacher. . . . Marilyn Duke has joined the Will Osborne band in Boston, replacing Marianne.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ORDER NO.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution passes the mark, you will receive a YANK special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

Looney Lecture

I WANT to say a few words about one of life's most priceless commodities — loyalty. Loyalty consists in not doing unto others what you wouldn't have others do unto someone else if you weren't around. As Patrick Henry once said—I think it was only once—"Give me loyalty or give me death!" I know, you thought it was "liberty or death." Personally I think loyalty sounds just as well and it fits my lecture better. A helluva lot of sense it would make to say "give me liberty or give me death" when I'm talking about loyalty.

There are many different kinds of loyalty: There is loyalty to a superior, such as the loving devotion of a private to his first sergeant. Then there is loyalty to a wife, as exemplified by our soldiers when they get 12-hour passes to go to town; loyalty to a husband, like the undying faithfulness of a certain former actress to a certain former prize fighter; loyalty to a friend, such as the tender regard of Hitler for Mussolini; loyalty to a particular brand of whisky. You can be loyal to a dog if you like dogs that much. But I think it is much easier to let the dog be loyal to you. I knew a man once who was loyal to his bed, so loyal that he shot a man he found sleeping in it. Of course the fact that his wife was also in the bed at the time may have had something to do with it.

But as priceless as loyalty is, you can't buy anything with it and you can't cash it in. I take that back; I knew a man who won 40 bucks on Loyalty in the fifth race at Belmont last summer.

The important thing about loyalty is to have at least one type, selected according to your build, complexion, personality and so forth. No one should be caught walking down the street without some type of loyalty. As one of our famous elder statesmen once said: "Show me a man without loyalty and—well, just show me one, that's all."

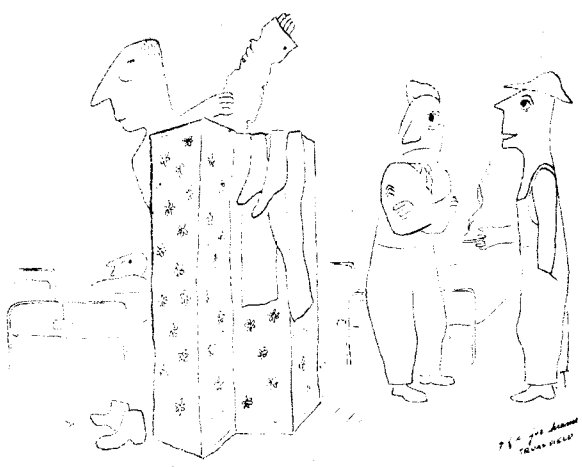
Now to sum it up, and I'm sure you think it's about time I started summing it up, I can think of a no more fitting quotation than the stirring remark made by the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina: "Let's have another drink."

North Africa —Cpl. TONY RHEINSTROM

ART

If someone painted GIs on maneuver,
The picture would never hang in the Louvre.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH



"Pvt. Fosdick is incurably shy."
—Pfc. Jos. Kramer, Truax Field, Wis.

Notes on the Yardbird

JAMES AUDUBON, were he alive today, would be shocked to learn that America's most singular bird has been neglected by all present-day ornithologists. To remedy to some extent this deplorable oversight, and to encourage others to contribute information on the subject, this brief article is written. For the sake of clarity, let us consider various phases of the yardbird's life and habits in this order:

Where Found. The true yardbird *(Soldatus americanus)* is found exclusively within the bounds of Army establishments. In training camps the species may be seen near refuse cans or scratching itself on the ground — under a barracks. In bivouac areas, after tents are struck and the outfit has moved on, clusters of yardbirds are often herded by noncoms and driven about to pick up bits of paper, refuse, rusty nails or cigarette butts.

Description. Yardbirds are of two hues, blue and green, but generally their plumage is green. Their gait is slow, their attitude is one of indifference to all things, with three exceptions: tobacco, women and food. A yardbird will do almost anything, even work (a little), for tobacco. Women who are reasonably young fascinate the species so much that yardbirds will cluster at a fence, uttering strange noises and with beaks drooling, to ogle a figure two miles away if it appears to be a woman. As for food, their appetites are prodigious. As an example, take any yardbird and set before it a repast of you-know-what on a shingle and a mug of GI coffee. The creature will not only instantly demolish this incredible meal, but will then slyly snatch morsels from its neighbors.

Habits and Other Characteristics. It has been observed by students of the species, notably first sergeants, that most yardbirds have a tendency to roost under barracks or beside the mess hall on the shady side. This cannot be for the purpose of laying eggs, since all yardbirds are males. (We leave to more competent hands the chore of garnering material about yardbirds among Wacs.) It has also been noted that the yardbird is given to lassitude, somnolence and torpor. These terms, while formidable, denote no dangerous qualities in the creature. Indeed a yardbird may be approached with perfect safety, and if morsels of food or cigarettes are thrown to it, it will invariably cackle with delight.

Kinds of Yardbirds. The casual observer will conclude that all yardbirds are privates. Such is not the case. It is quite common to find NCOs among them, and as for higher ranks, discretion prompts us to withhold our information until more eminent figures make their observations known. Most yardbirds are born, not made. And if they had chanced to live in a quieter era they would have become in time, perhaps, politicians or policemen or newspaper columnists or even members of the Old Army.

—Pvt. WILLIAM A. HUNEKE
U. S. Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wis.

FEAR

I DO not fear
To meet with death one day in fight,
Or feel him draw near me by night.
I only dread
That someone raise my heavy head,
Look into my eyes and see
Tears that were not shed—
And think I wept for me.

Hondo, Tex. —Pvt. BRONIS TUBELIS

KP AT THE BAT

The outlook wasn't brilliant for Joe Jeep of Barracks E;
He'd been at Upton two whole days and hadn't pulled KP.
He'd been hustled, he'd been jostled, he'd been tested, he'd been rushed,
He'd been wheedled, he'd been needled, he'd been fitted, he'd been crushed.

He'd been processed so completely that fatigue had claimed Joe Jeep,
And no soldier in this crowd could say he hadn't earned his sleep;
But while he pushed his pillow, while he snored the hours away,
A group of KP pushers were designing him a day.

They rose at three, these hounds of hell, these prowlers of the night,
They crept through darkened barracks and they gathered 'neath a light;
Their shadows moved grotesquely and they grinned in baleful glee
As they riffled through the cards of the men of Barracks E.

While you slumber unsuspecting, tired and innocent, Joe Jeep,
They have scattered on their mission—like Macbeth—to murder sleep;
In your dream you smile serenely, you are strong and you are able,
You have charmed the bank directors, you are holding Betty Grable.

You have—Hey! who put the light on? Who's that moving through the gloom?
What's that racket? What goes on there? Why, they've waked the whole damn room!
And now your name is called, Joe, and now you're in the street,
And now you're off to KP, 'cause your buddies gotta eat.

Oh, somewhere in Camp Upton the moon is shining bright,
A band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light;
And somewhere soldiers play and shout, and laugh in friendly glee—
But there is no joy in Mudville—beg your pardon —Barracks E.

Camp Upton, N. Y. —Pvt. MARTIN WELDON

BEST SELLER

They took a poll of the men on the post
In an effort to find the book read most.
The classics of fiction were all in the race,
But one book led by an enormous pace.

What was this work every man would read
With bated breath, in his hunger and need,
That made Bill Shakespeare just an also-ran?
Could it be? Why, of course, it was *Superman!*

Tonopah, Ky. —T/Sgt. RALPH W. CAIN

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 20 to 16—the key to the draw. . . . Black jumps 12 to 19. Any other jump would allow a one-for-one exchange—and an easy draw. . . . White moves 27 to 24. Black jumps 15 to 22. . . . White jumps 28 to 19 to 18. Now it's all clear sailing! WHITE DRAWS.

PUZZLE BEFORE PAY DAY. One half-dollar, 1 quarter, 4 dimes.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTS: DARTMOUTH, LOADED WITH MARINE RESERVES, LOOMS AS THE FOOTBALL POWERHOUSE IN EAST

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

Imagine the emotions of a Dartmouth man as he watches Marine Reservist Joe Andrejco (42), captain-elect of Fordham, run for the Big Green this fall.

THE other day in Philadelphia, a Pennsylvania coach was talking about his football team.

"Yeah," he snickered, "we're a Navy school. But all of the kids are too young. Watch those Marine schools. They are really going to be tops. Take Dartmouth, for instance. It's a powerhouse—best in the East.

"And to think," he continued sadly, "we could have been a Marine school, too. Boy, then we would have been set. Practically all of last year's team went into the Marines and we'd have them back."

The coach had his sights adjusted properly on at least one fixed item. The Marines have come up with the top-drawer football talent in their V-12 student-training program. As a result, Dartmouth, with 660 Marine Reserves among its 2,000 V-12s, may very likely be the ruling powerhouse of the East.

But, on the other hand, the Pennsylvania coach shouldn't treat his own Navy V-12s too lightly. Without them, there would be no football at Penn or anywhere else in the East. Just look what happened to those schools not blessed with Navy boys and those who placed their faith in the Army's no-time-for-football student-training program. They threw up their scholarships and quit the game cold because they didn't have enough boys on the campus to put a team on the field.

As it stands now, the East is equipped with enough bell-bottom trousers to go ahead full blast and have a pretty good season. Here's how they shape up:

Dartmouth. The No. 1 team in the East. Coach Earl Brown, who succeeded Maj. Tuss McLaughry, USMC, has seven lettermen and 11 members of last year's team returning as V-12s. Best of these are Roger Antaya, All-American guard candidate, and sophomore John Sayes, a tailback who can hurl forward passes out of reserves. Brown can also count on Marines Andrejco and Cheverko, Fordham's touchdown twins, and some lesser lights from the same squad.

Army. The Cadets have depth, speed, power and the best tackle in the country in 215-pound Frank Merritt. Coach Blaik himself admits that he has two good teams, which should be warning enough. Watch out for halfback Max Minor, a transfer from Texas University. His old coach, Dana Bible, said he was a holy terror.

Navy. The Army-Navy game this fall might be something more than the old traditional service skirmish. It could very well settle the championship of the East. The midshipmen have all kinds of talent aboard, including Jim Pettit, a 6-foot, 200-pound back from Stanford, and Jack Martin, a 220-pound center from Princeton. Ten of the first-string positions will be filled with lettermen.

Rochester. A real dark horse that is coming up with one of the great teams in the country this season. It's a Marine school and will get most of the Eastern Leatherneck stars who have not been assigned to Dartmouth. They have 54 players from big football projects like Fordham, Penn and Georgetown which should give you an idea of their strength.

Cornell. Carl Snavely is getting a helping hand from the Navy but unless the material is exceptional he won't need it. His regular backfield of Lou Daukas at quarter, Howard Blose and Bill Wheeler at the halves and big Charlie Robinson at full is one of the best in the East. The Penn captain of last year, Cleo Calcagni, is a V-12 and will help bolster the line at tackle.

Yale. The Elis have not only Navy V-12s and V-5s, Naval ROTCs but also Marines. Therefore they should field a reasonably strong club. Bob Pickett, who, as freshman, was a regular fullback, will hold his own against the influx of V-12 material that includes Johnson, Harvard's fullback last year.

Holy Cross. Well-stocked with V-12 material and a half-dozen hold-overs from last year's Purple Gang that wrecked Boston College. The team will be molded around sophomore George Connor, a 226-pound rock at tackle.

Colgate. Andy Kerr is counting on Mike Micka, his business back, returning to school. If he does, Colgate should hold its own. The V-12s and Naval air cadets will help.

Also Rans. Princeton, Penn, Temple, Brown, Penn State, Columbia, Pittsburgh, Bucknell, West Virginia, Carnegie Tech and Villanova.

No Teams This Year. Georgetown, Fordham, Manhattan, Harvard, Boston College and Boston University, Syracuse and Duquesne.

Next Week: The South and Southwest.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Bobby Riggs, national singles champion in '41, is shown at the Great Lakes Naval Station where he begins training as an apprentice seaman.

WHEN the War Department cabled **Gen. Eisenhower** regarding the proposal that two major league all-star teams be sent to the Mediterranean Theater to play exhibitions, he replied: "I not only want those teams, but I insist that they stay over here for 30 days." . . . The swiftest 2-year-old in **Col. E. R. Bradley's** barn is a colt named **B-19**. . . . **John Bromwich**, the Australian Davis Cup star, was wounded in the New Guinea show. . . . The Marines have chilled the newspaper report that **O/C Frankie Sinkwich** would be discharged because of physical disability. It developed that Sinkwich was suffering with nothing more serious than blistered feet. Sinkwich's sister Kitty is a Wac at Daytona Beach, Fla., and real slugger with a softball bat. . . . You won't believe it, but **Tommy Henrich**, the former Yankee outfielder, is hitting only .186 for the Coast Guard at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

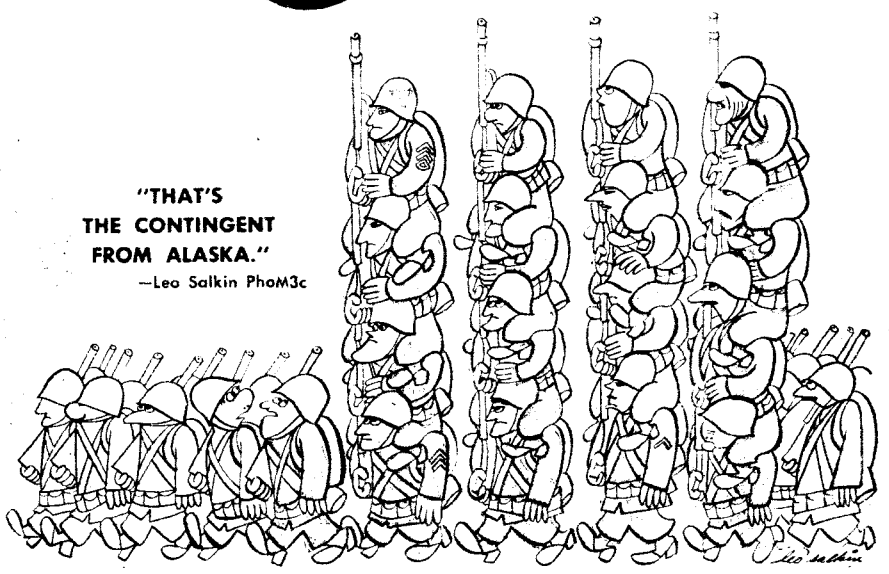
Pvt. Quentin (Baby) Breese, the former lightweight contender and now a Marine boxing instructor, has hit upon a new remedy to revive a kayoed fighter. He strikes a match, blows it out and then applies it to the back of the fighter's neck. Breese says the burn is only slight and that it brings the fighter around much faster than smelling salts. . . . **Harry Boykoff**, St. John's All-American basketball center, is now a sergeant in the "King's Guard," an exclusive detachment of MPs all over 6 feet tall, who guard the President at his Hyde Park (N. Y.) estate. . . . **Johnny Woodruff**, the great middle-distance runner, just made his captaincy in Hawaii, where he is stationed with an antiaircraft outfit. . . . **Lt. Bob McLeod**, the Dartmouth halfback who bagged four Zeros over Guadalcanal, is now an instructor at Pensacola, Fla.

Pfc. Daniel Smeddy of the New Cumberland (Pa.) Reception Center tells us that it isn't necessary to pick an All-Army baseball team to play the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He says New Cumberland, with a record of 34 victories and only 4 defeats, can fill the bill. . . . **Howard Schultz**, Brooklyn's new first baseman, actually stretched himself out of the Army. He stands 6 feet 6½ inches tall. . . . **Johnny Pingel**, former Michigan State halfback, is a major in the Army. . . . **Dick Wakefield**, Detroit's rookie outfielder, will finish out the season now that he's a Naval aviation cadet. He was originally scheduled for Army induction but got his draft board's permission to take the Naval exam.

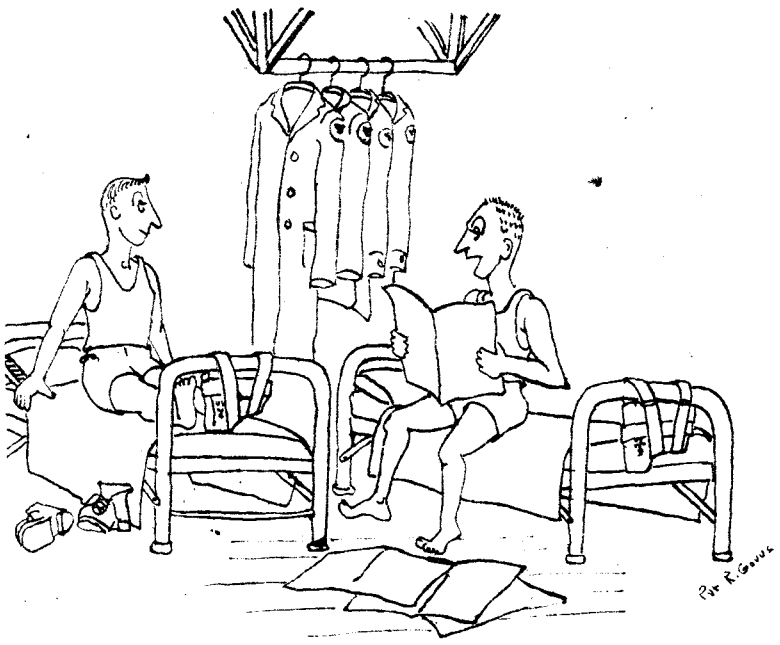
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"THERE'S THAT PIGEON 24, BUCKING FOR OCS AGAIN."
—Sgt. Frank Brandt & Cpl. Graf



"THAT'S THE CONTINGENT FROM ALASKA."
—Leo Salkin PhoM3c



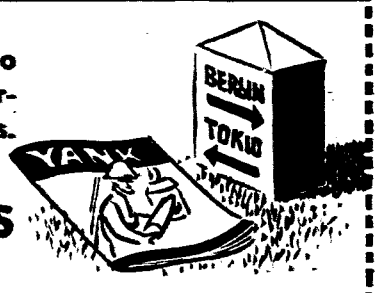
"I HOPE THE DAMN WAR WON'T END BEFORE I GET A FURLOUGH."
—Pvt. R. Govus

"BROWN, SIR, REPORTING AS ORDERED—WITHOUT DELAY."
—S/Sgt. Jack Lovell

"NEXT TIME I'LL DIG MY OWN HOLE."
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

52 milestones to victory

Follow the march to Berlin and Tokyo in YANK's eyewitness stories, its cartoons and its action photographs. SUBSCRIBE NOW!



52 ISSUES, 2 BUCKS

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ SER. NO. _____

MILITARY ADDRESS _____

_____ 2-13

PLEASE CHECK: 1 YEAR *(52 ISSUES)* ☐ $2.00
6 MONTHS *(26 ISSUES)* ☐ $1.00

Enclose check, cash, or money order and mail to:

YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED ONLY FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED